

MiPo ~ Print



M I
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First Edition

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BLUE JOHN SING A SIMPLE SONG

by John Eivaz

Spun from the throat of Ian Gillian
around Bonham's tight reverberations
I settled into Tom Rapp.
In a burning easy chair
looking like the edge of my bed
I touched each word and melody
lightly, leaving them to sing still
but not burn. I strummed Leonard Cohen;
I am not a finger-picker. Like this photo,
where my long hair slides across
the wood of the guitar, and my eyes
might just as well been closed,
creation too sings the blues, sings of itself, really,



I think this does show flight, and fire,
this old photo from the stillness
it tries so hard to be about,
a song tuned by each who hears it:
and so it changes. I become many
and never what I am about. See?
My fingers are burning; they can hardly
bear the strings. But I still play.
There is no me, no guitar.
Fire and blue harmonics
are what it is when it clicks. And
I am not even a finger-picker.

ABOUT JOHN EIVAZ

Having been born in New York I am in California trying to be myself and to stride confidently where I should be striding; but this obsession with poetry keeps tossing banana peels at my feet and I forget myself as I fall without grace. Some might say. Might say some. Say, some might! Some did: **MiPo, Tryst, Slow Trains, Branches, Unlikely Stories, Clean Sheets, Mind Caviar, Ophelia's Muse**, and some others. I also edit poetry and flash fiction for **The Erotica Readers and Writers Association** and sometimes I am john e and work in a winery too, but not as john e as some might surmise.

rather than what it sings about.
Phantom burning chair, so glad not to see you
these many years later, when I am encased in blue
serration of spirit, a photo cropped by
memory, burned and dodged to stability -
purporting to occasion a melancholy pluck,
some early Loudon exquisite bummers
in the aftermath of Yes, when all the world
burned through the damp stone of basement walls
like a fiery dream shaking me awake,

and love burned at the Paquin Street Cafe
over grainburgers and a paperback Kama Sutra.
When bourbon burned we sent the car flying, didn't we?
Sitting was enough for me then, after all that,
listening to someone sing The Circle Game.

MiPo~Print

A YEAR OF WEDNESDAYS

by Coleen Shin



PAINTING BY EDWARD HOPPER

tom blessing

NightHawk

that man in hopper's painting
the one with his back to you
that's my dad
well, it could be my dad
he was coming home from lodge
stopped in for a coffee
and a glass of water
sat down on the stool
in the yellow light
not too near the couple
but close enough to hear
their words, close enough
to wonder why she stares
at the book of matches
while her coffee cools
the counter man
washes a dish, tells
her boy friend the yankees
will win the pennant
he knows, like he knows
the war is going on
like he knows his
friends are dying

my father, or is it me,
i can't be sure
takes it all in
finishes his coffee
soon will step out
into the green night

The answer is yes, always yes
yet we long like empty shells
depressed and negative
full of obscure wants, we fall
together in lazy habit.

The kiss is placid, reflection
a lake of surfaces, of gray skies.

I have wandered to a cooler room
a subtle climate change--
You, endear a lonesome hand
an unromantic clutch, fill it
with rented video images.

Inside a book of seven years
a chapter denotes an itch.

I will have none of it.
You will find in me, a fathom league
a faith the depths hide no sharp features-
a place sunlight is distilled by wave
a loving stasis until this year has healed.

ABOUT COLEEN SHIN

Coleen Shin has been published in numerous zines and journals including **MiPo, Red River Review, WomenBeat**. She lives in Texas with her husband and son. Many of her poems have been inspired from by her mother who was left widowed at the age of 21 when Coleen's father died in Viet Nam. MiPo Print will be featuring many more poems by Ms. Shin.

ABOUT TOM BLESSING

Tom Blessing is the Editor and publisher of **Peshekee River Poetry**.

MiPo Zines

Miami, Florida

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Faith

by T. Birch

photo by Feinstein

*There's a gloomy world
just outside the one you live in,
filled with children.*

listens to Paul tell him about kisses.
How Maria is slow
when she lifts up her sweater,
guides Paul's hand up
to her hard little nipples -
tells him to rub her there -
closes her eyes, leans her head back.

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Publisher

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Paul and Jesus, two brothers
living on Sante Fe Street
off Alameda in Southwest Denver,
twenty years ago, maybe more.

Paul with the beautiful eyes,
sleepy, dreamy, sultry
eyes

with long black eyelashes
the girls just die for.
Jesus, quite a bit smaller
somewhat younger
has a harelip that shames him.

He says very little,
he just watches the girls
as they flock to his brother.

Watches their skirts, or their jeans
pulled tight like a snake's skin.

Listens to Paul
when he calls them by name:
Maria, Juanita -
those, his two favorites,

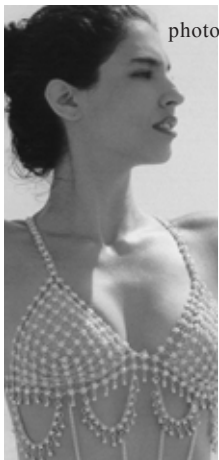
Paul always does what she asks him,
her breath in the back of the car,
steamy and fast,
steaming the windows in winter.

Jesus drinks these words in
from the brother who loves him,
who says girls are crazy,
they're all little bitches,
you're much better without them.
Yet, Jesus believes something
else about women,
believes he knows how they'd be
if they could love him.

He prays when Paul leaves,
runs away to the streets
from the father who beats them
whenever he drinks.

*Prays for a kiss from Juanita
because she's not the pretty one.*

Issue Dos
November 2002



clouds

by Rae Pater

1

play mahjongg
72 pieces all in pairs
rectangles not squares
picture painted ivory
Chinese characters
match
and move on

2

at the turnpike in Hoboken New Jersey
electric blue and crimson
vinyl skirts of hookers
slick in slow rain slow day
day-glo go slow squad car crawl
move on

3

Cornish hen and pistachio ice cream
ambrosia in small silver dishes
check for licentiousness
café au lait and crème boulet
whose coming for dinner,
no,
who's coming for dinner?
sex on a tabletop
monkey's business

4

seven lotus blossoms
beneath a plum tree
aubergine to black
loose connected thread
sub-terranean deaths head
eye-holes sprout white snake roots
flickering tongues sip plum juice
growing on

5

a violet staircase
rung by rung
random advance
carefully ordered
dim-witted climb in circles
always backward,
smaller,

6

suggesting British
derby hat colonial empire
day in the sun out of the sun
preserves whiteness
pensioned off younger son
to an island home
remittance gentry contraception
withdrawal of entry

7

south meets west downtown
corner of Western and Santa Monica
an arena of stars
mixed media gaze daze
consumer delirious
coffee constellation
vivid green and swift gold

8

the king with his big jazz band
golden trumpets
blue angels
in chariots of sky
it don't mean a thing
if you ain't got that swing
dowah dowah dowah dowah dowah doWAH
it don't mean a thing

9

Lana Turner in cashmere
sweating
jaunty bounce
down celluloid trails
of straight and narrow
72 degrees of hot
some like it
ideas of heaven

About Rae Pater

Rae Pater is a New Zealand poet, she has been writing poetry seriously for about two years now. Rae was born in New Zealand, and has lived there all her life. Rae has three children and a dog called Bob.

She has had work published in four print anthologies, and online at, **WORDSPACE, MiPo, Tryst, Meeting of the Minds Journal, Moondance, Lotus Blooms, Mind Caviar, Blackmail Press, and Peshekee River**. She also has work accepted for upcoming publication by Artemis Journal. Rae is currently studying English Lit. at Canterbury University.



photography by M.Doreste

From a frequent sonneteer who refuses to be hi-jacked by bigots. In response to an astonishingly retro announcement I received today. Definitely Déjà vu all over again. Apologies to Philip Larkin's Vers de Société.

The New Classicists who threw baby out with the bath water

Now that vile socialism is no more
Rejoice for beauty enters in your door.
We classicists reclaim the field. Like hell.
Stereotypes, pig swill.
Diebenkorn, Hecht and Larkin glow and sing.
And so reactionaries--here's the thing.

You lump good, bad and wonderful in one
Uncomprehending list. The names recited
With malice and stupidity. Provoked
By years of empty fashion you replace
Indoctrination with bad taste.
Years of post-modern levelling made worse.

Your bland and vapid images now bring
The images of Adolf and Stalin
To mind, with post Pre-Raphaelite sweet-
ness for Fourth Reich girls and boys.
Manure that you fling
At Schoenberg puts you right in Spring

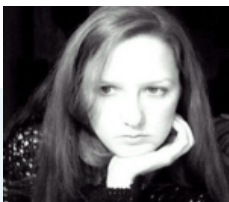
Time for Hitler How I thank Mel Brooks.
By lampooning the past he made us see
The future and I'm damned if I will be
Approved of or included in their group
Because I rhyme. It looks
As if I want what they do, and I don't.

A rhyme can be subversive and please lord
May I subvert their homogenised pap.
Music that stirs and hunts for lost discord
And words that disturb and stun a little rudely,
Making the rising sap rise?
Drawing-room niceness. Horrid stuff. Oh crap.

Must I pretend these wolves hidden
in sheep's fleeces
Represent anything but what they seem.
Artists in the USSR were their mirror likeness,
Blandly triumphant in their triteness.
Wrapped in the flag of "niceness" they invade
We would be foolish not to feel afraid.

Janet Kenny

Born and educated in New Zealand. Went to London and made operatic debut at Glyndebourne Festival Opera. Was opera and concert singer for some years until ill health ended singing career. Came to Sydney, Australia where she worked in the anti-nuclear movement, published book about Chernobyl and an essay in an anthology about Nobel laureate novelist, Patrick White. Poems have been published in *The New Formalist*, *The Raintown Review*, *The Susquehanna Quarterly*, *Nectarzine*, *Writers' Hood*, *MiPo*, *Pierian Springs Poetry Journal*, *The Book of Hope*, *Del Sol Review*, *The Quarterly Journal of Ideology*, among others. Has edited Ironwood poetry journal and is on literary panel of forthcoming *Numbat* poetry ezine.



c.e. laine

Ways of forgetting

I want a melody in my head, something
catchy with a funky beat to fill me;
this will be an eraser on my pages,
smudging undesirable thoughts into
pinkish streaks and little crumbs.

Then I could picnic in a gentle space
beside a stream, munch cheese
and fruit, sip sweet white wine
and wait for the ants to carry
those small bits of me away.

Active in aviation, Christine Laine is a student pilot, and is the public information officer for a local non-profit flying museum, which is dedicated to the preservation of World War II aircraft. In the past, she's been a magician's assistant, a baker, an extra in a few movies, a licensed artist in New Orleans' French Quarter, and a soldier in this girl's U. S. Army. She enjoys making lists on sticky notes when she isn't writing poems. Her work has appeared in *Poems Niederngasse*, *Free Zone Quarterly*, *Poetry Super Highway*, *Countless Horizons*, *The White Shoe Irregular*, *2River View*, *Kota Press*, *Absinthe*, *Stirring* (writing as Kit Sullivan), *Clean Sheets*, *Erosha*, *Beauty for Ashes*, *Ludlow Press*, *Pierian Springs*, *AnotherSun*, *The Melic Review* and a forthcoming *Adirondack Review*. Her first book of poetry, called *allegory* (ISBN: 0-595-22462-8), was published this spring.

I Am Not King Philip

Why more than 300 years?

Faced with infinite time, I could have waited longer,
but now there's an adequate sense of history
and waiting is not something I do well. Besides,
there are a few matters to rectify.

Named and then renamed; used, then using;
chasing and chased; killing and killed.

Quite unlike my father, a gentle man who allowed
our lands to be stolen while he feasted
at the thieves' table.

Neither like my brother, who let his stomach,
if not his brain, be poisoned.

You don't consider me peaceful,
but I enjoyed planting maize, making love,
and gulping down the fresh salt air
as much as anyone.

I didn't betray my own people,
was never seduced by the power of powder
and lead, promises from you who spread your seed
and multiplied like mosquitoes, infesting
our hallowed stomping grounds, your diseases
ravaging our bodies.

I didn't ask for war,
yet didn't hesitate to fight. I never expected
to be savaged by my own kind.
But there I lay in the swamp, prostrate in mud and water,
at the feet of one who prayed to your white god.

I never imagined my wife and son would be sold,
or that I would be strung from trees,
hung as a feast for the crows, my skull drying
under the sun for a hundred seasons.

You swarmed my sacred village at Mount Hope,
renamed it Bristol, and now teach its boys
to swing wooden clubs, hurl leather-covered balls at each
other and flee down dirt paths, all in sport you say
while you urge them on for the sake of that Christian name
you assigned to me. *This* is your favorite pastime?

I suppose you think that I'm amused
by games your children play at summer camp,
wrestling each other to the ground,
snatching handkerchiefs from the waist,

Settlers killing Indians, as you still like to call us.

White man, it's time to get this right.
I am not King Philip.
My name is Metacomet.



Jim Tilley

Jim Tilley retired in 2001
to read and write poetry
after a 25-year career in
insurance and invest-
ment banking. He was
educated at McGill and
Harvard and lives in
Chappaqua, NY. He
has been published in
MiPo Zine and will be
published in upcoming
issues of *The Texas
Review* and *The Hur-
ricane Review*.

Peggy majored in Liberal
Arts at the University of Missouri-
Kansas City. She has served as Vice-
President of Rockhill Office Supply
since 1988. *Circle Magazine* has
published several of her poems and
Cayuse Press included her poetry
in its Book of Remembrance II. Her
other creative works include a play,
The Knoll Frames, which had its
first staged reading at the Unicorn
Theatre in Kansas City, Missouri
in 2002, and she is the creator of
Nudgies Greeting Cards. She lives
in Kansas City with her husband,
Floyd H. Love Jr.

Turquoise Traders

Peggy Eldridge-Love

It wasn't always this color.
Days were it hung, waist length,
black as my New Mexico sky,
the color of the ring around
my eye he landed with his
precision right. Nights when
my only johns were turquoise
traders come down from
the hills to bring me words
from home and a few minutes
of purchased love.

I figured bottled gold was
as close as I'd ever get
to being pure. My silver linings
coil around my arms, hang
from my ears, slid down my
face as priceless tears as
I sit, roadside harking my
new wares.

Turquoise Traders still come
now and again and we swap
painted pots for love
or just turn up the
body heat for free
searing memories
like sprinkled
stars across my
New Mexico sky
almost as black
as the eyes framed enticingly
with one-way designer glass.

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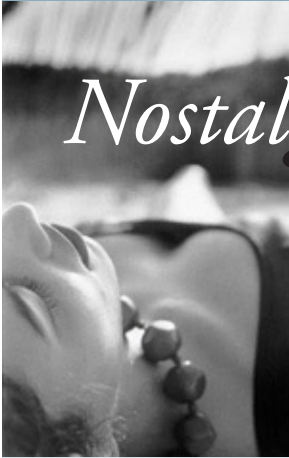
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photography by M. Doreste

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Jenn Bress
Pris Campbell
Helmuth Filipowitsch
Tasha Klein
Tom Blessing

Silvia Brandon-Pérez is a recipient of the University of Puerto Rico literary award for Lluvia en Negro. She is a lawyer and an avid student of the tango. She is the Editor of Spanish edition of Niederngasse, an online and print poetry journal.

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Silvia A. Brandon-Pérez

Nostalgia

word the same in my adopted tongue
pronounced differently en español
nohs-tahl-heeah

a stab in that soft area of the throat
where sobs begin
beautiful pain of
bluesky yearning

and I was reading
Romus -
beauty halts breath
with quiet assurance

went back to Jaruco
mountains green with palm trees
bohíos standing white along the side

of the curved road
a dark beauty hanging out
the day's laundry from the line

tied to a telephone pole, what else
are telephone poles for when you have
no telephone in the hard dirt sala

the mountains green with accumulated
life looking like a woman's hips
las caderas de Jaruco

and always sounds, someone
is playing a tumbadora in the corner
of the restorán where we have stopped

patigumpá patigúm gúm
a man with small timbales sits with closed eyes
gúm patigúm gúm

and one of the camareras bringing the menús
for the almuerzo sways, her generous hips
sways as he walks, *patigumpá patigúm gúm*

even the stripped cadavers in the nearby
cementerio sway, *patigúm patigúm gúm gúm*
blood drums, the small gourd
played by black

methuselah in the back, oye mi güiro,
lo le lo lei lo, the heartbeat of the land,
mi Cuba hermosa, *patigúm pa*

arroz con pollo today, guarapo
for a cold drink, ¿tostones
or plátanos maduros fritos?

patigúm patigúm gúm gúm
my body here in exile my soul
back in Jaruco looking

at the phosphorescence
of the madrugada, *patigúm patigúm gúm gúm*,
el cielo azul el mar, my tongue

around words now alien, blue sky
for cielo azul, *patigúm patigúm gúm gúm*
lengua cubana, *lo le lo lei*



Not Even Naked Yet

Jenn Bress



Over there, the trees are standing
with their pants anklng the shy dirt.
I guess they've been caught in the act too,
huddled in symmetry while their nocturnal
organs are licked by the moon.
Boris walks by like a cloud. He wants to be
the meteor that knocks sense into this place.
You're shivering with the pool lights, green
stiffens your reflection to the deck
while our hands have found warmth
in the electricity of water. Again,
the trees are flashing us, with smiles,
plastered with stars. You will forget every single one
of these summer days. I will too, while the moon
is a bubble of guilt on a sea of air.

Truth and Other Lies



images available on allposters.com

Huddled under Nam's deepening shadow
we drank too much wine,
ate burnt turkey, neglected
while wading the Hawaiian surf.

We strung shells into necklaces,
talismans for our husbands to take back to war,
promised friendships would stretch to forever.

It's been years now since we spoke.

I fall dizzily to ground
ear the tremor of grass blades,
hear the old laughter and bare feet
running across gray sand,
see youthful hands still grasping for
futures never meant to be held

Pris Campbell

works at a small
used bookstore in
Virginia. She has
photos published on
the web zine *Eleven
Bulls* and has been
published previously
on MiPo.

Pris Campbell lives in greater West Palm Beach, Florida with her husband and one crazy dog. She began writing poetry in late 1999, after being sidelined by an illness for the preceeding nine years. She's had nearly forty poems published or pending publications in such journals as Limestone Circle, The Dakota House, Muses Kiss, Blackmail Press, The Dead Mule; An Anthology of Southern Literature, Lotus Bloom, The Fae Whirl, Peshekee River Poetry, and others. She has lived all over the country, from New England to Hawaii , loves the ocean, and fancies herself as a mermaid with a waterproof pen.

in my dreams

tom blessing

as if to fly
the sun sprouts feathers
as it slides beneath the lake

and i was running
but, i held the numbers
in my hand

halfway up
halfway
down
old log
we stop
we sit



men in blue were
running too

It was a race!
with 6 months as the
prize
and the MAN IN
BLACK

held the gavel
in his fist
and the ghostly jury

don't go!
don't go!
wait right
here
while we
bang another
song for you

chanted
*"let it drop!
let it drop!"*

*banga banga
zi banga
banga banga
zi banga*

ok
NOW LEAVE

I hear a ringing
in the mountains
is it temple bells?
no, just the rocks a singing
for all the souls in hell

fog in the mountains
in my mother's womb
echos of voices in basalt
then -
holy shit!
wave after wave
an avalanche
and someone singing
yes, singing
and there was light
and.....

lizard sang:
*dance! dance!
on top of the rock
and dance!*

hawk was happy
and sang too!

Tom Blessing is the Editor of Peshekee River Poetry Print and Web Issues. He has been part of the Small Press Scene for over twenty years now.

image available on art.com



Sunshine Girl Moves Into A New Apartment

Tasha Klein

There she is with her bouquet
of stars and little dog.

A vase flies out of her mouth
anonymous and out of reach.

You were supposed to make
enchiladas not your boyfriend's
hip bone itch.

I thought I was a good mother
but how would I know?

Let's hang the golden snowflake
and get these holidays over
with.

Tasha Klein is a receptionist for a telecommunications company and a retirement facility in the Chicago area. Her poems have been published in various online zines, most recently, Steel Point Quarterly, Artemis Journal, Locust Magazine, Unlikely Stories, Pig Iron Malt, Snakeskin, Lotus Blooms, Shampoo, and HiNgE. She is the founder and administrator of Salty Dreams poetry forum and Editor for MiPo Best of the Poetry Board Edition.

Volume Uno,
Issue Tres
Pagina 3

Moonlight

*Nothing matters without
the moon. I could
say the same about snow,
the way it cries
as it falls on a slow freight train,
or birch trees thinning to a lake
where a bull moose feeds,
but no, it's the moon,
the waxing, waning moon.*

It shines on death,
where he sits in his smoking jacket,
by the television,
sips long-aged scotch
and with a fingernail scratches
moonlight from the dirty wall.
Think of dead skin,
or the way highways end
in detours, ditches,
think of motels on the edge
of deserts and freeways,
where noone wants to stay,
or think of picking up
your clothes after five days
in a motel room,
after five days of rain
and ten packs of cigarettes,
when the earth smells like jelly soil.

Can you taste the flavor,
can you imagine that death
sits with you,
inhales your second-hand smoke,
cleans his pockets of moonlight lint,
bends over you,
smiles and moves away again



as you busy yourself
with your world of socks,
used underwear, underarm
deodorant, as you lean
over the sink
with its dripping tap,
floss food from between yellowed teeth
as though you are shoveling dirt
off of rotting bones,
hum an aimless melody you associate
with sex and think that the moon
is really all about an almost love,
although death,
who now sits on the bed,
laughs uproariously and shakes
his head until time flakes fall
from his hair,
draft momentarily on a moonlight scrap
and disappear.

Helmuth Filipowitsch

Helm was born in Eschenbach, Germany in 1947 and emigrated to the province of Ontario, Canada with his family in 1952. He's lived in the region ever since. He graduated from University with a major in English and Geography. A chap-book of his work is in the mid-stages of development.

MiPo-Print is a production of MiPo Zines - Miami, Fl.

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Jim Christ ~ Editor-In-Chief

Contributors ~ MiPo Community of Writers

www.mipoesias.com & www.womenbeat.com

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Poetry Delivered Every Sunday To Your Printer

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This Sunday, we bring you our regulars. John Eivaz eavesdrops on his neighbors in "*Where Poetry Comes From*". Now John is poetry always found next door? Or is it found in a painting? Pris gets down and dirty with the many facets of Picasso in "*Picassoed Out*". Silvia plays the blues this morning with "*Billie Holiday At Dawn*". Tara eats some cookies in "*It's what I do*" and reminds us to be careful for what we wish for in "*She Is A Sexy Stretcher*".

We are introducing a new writer, Andrea Defoe who sums it all up for us and reminds us our hearth is still found in a good recipe with "*Yankee Chili*". But don't go expecting jalapenos in this one. It has a twist. Make that a Twister and make it as big as Texas.

So grab your Sunday Poetry and your cafe con leche and join me as we look at what America was up to this week.

MiPo Zines

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It's what I do

It isn't hard to love, it's what I do when sunlight's absence brings an end to day and all that's left to think about is you.

That's when I sit, eat cookies, one or two - or three - alright a lot, what can I say? It must be hard to love me like you do.

Because my skin is dry, and wrinkled too, and other flaws (we know) are on display, I only hope there's something left for you

to dream about, imagine me as new - like memories recalled from better days when loving me was not so hard to do.

Now you are absent, and I have the flu. So please forgive me, while you are away, if all that I can think about is you.

What are your thoughts while looking at the view from your hotel room high above that bay? It isn't hard to love, it's what I do when all that's left to think about is you.

She is a s e x y stretcher

when she leans back, tits pointed up just for his eyes, because it hurts

but still she rocks, gives what he wants from little sluts. She even asks

please call me that, call me a whore, a bitch, a stupid piece of ass -

and faithful lover, he complies not understanding her surprise.

~Tara Birch

YANKEE CHILI



Texans like their
chili caustic
even in July.
Cheeseheads wait 'til
leaves get rusty
and our breath looks like
smoke.

My Texan aunt tried to
share her recipe with me.
A high honor,
to share a cooking secret.

I've never roasted a
tomato
or blackened a pepper.
I open cans and
brown burger,
stir up a big maroon
whatcha-got soup.
I stubbornly declined.

I've been told
she looked like chili
when a tornado
wrapped her Ford Pinto
around a tree.

November is knocking at
my windows today,
and I don't have that
recipe.

~Andrea Defoe

Where Poetry Comes From

They came today and shut off my power.

It was a he, not a they, a short guy with
dark wide sideburns. But they were behind it.
We argued. I said you're a loon, all cartoon-cocky.
The sound of the word was cool just then.
Like WC Fields would say you were crazy.
You'll be crazy the rest of your life.
No offense to fowl intended.

In the dark I'd be,
the blender not blending,
the broiler refusing to sear.
Trying to understand less as a way of life
but yeah, I need the computer.
The blender the broiler
the hard facts between commercials.
A loon.

Hey you know what?
I'm invisible and
I see through walls.
I love what I see:
the woman next door
putting on makeup over her sink,
leaning into its mirror.
That dog on the porch running in his sleep.
That couple fighting fighting fighting
as a way of life.
I can tell you stories ...

Can I offer you some coffee?
A cracked mirror, darkly?
Relax. You have the power now,
though I know you can't see.

From my hands light is created,
My eyes warm everyone near,
And my thoughts scorn modifiers, corny adjectives,
allusions, references, metaphors and swearin' to God.

Now my life is poetry.
Every corner of my home is illuminated.
Straight through the walls,
Straight through to tomorrow.
Even yesterday looks brighter.

Thanks again for your service,
for not drinking my stuff.
No money for groceries either.

Now my life is poetry.

Sandburg said
that poetry is like
taking a quick
look in a room
and trying to
figure out what
you saw. Some-
thing like that.

Fuck Pacific Gas
And Electric.
I'm zapped now
by new connec-
tions in this
darkness, loon
loon loon, life
can be good.

~John Eivaz



Billie Holiday at dawn

*Sun's not out yet-
Billie's voice within the staircase
of my dreams, slow, hoarse, gray
like the smoke of her cigarettes*

*Billie with her sadness flowing from gray
pores, the slowness of that voice
molasses part bitter part gray
rising do mi sol si re through alveoli*

*rusted by a fiery oxygen
hungry for love for who knows what
that anguish humans carry
in their guts, Billie now almost*

*dead of grief played well by a thousand
guitars, a muted drum, a saxophone-
sun's not out yet... the voice
of Billie muted, gray, mute*

~Silvia A. Brandon-Pérez



picassoed out

*picasso's white period
not very well known
quite short in fact
one painting
never hung by MOMA
his 'couple in white'
rests on our mantle
tis me there on your lap
trying not to giggle*

*a day not easily forgotten..
pablo's belly over palette
his tubes, save the white,
emptied earlier,
you, hard and wanting
pressed against my bottom*

*when pablo stepped out for blue
we slammed shut the door,
ran for the stairs,
leaving only our outline,
wet and waiting,
and one frustrated artist
to paint clowns on the ceiling.*

~Pris Campbell

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www.allposters.com or
www.getty-images.com*

MiPo ~ Print

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Resurrect

Two a.m. and stars fall out of your shirt.
She opens one buried mouth,
a ghost train rumbles past,
coffee spills, you order pie.

Do you want me to wash your feet?
You ask. She laughs.
Children run through the parking lot,
their summer hair, white angel glass.
Her storm sweater drops,
you forget the black.

~ Tasha Klein

Resurrect

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This Sunday

We bring you four new contributors and two regulars. No one and I mean no one can write a rant better than Ann Marie Eldon. And with a little help from Aretha Franklin and the Pretenders, she tells us "*this is a poem about being alone and hurting and having nothing to displace that but prayer.*" So lets look at *Hours* as they pass by.

Speaking of prayer, Mike Klumpp wonders why *The Tattoo of St. Michael* whispers. Mike is a native of New Orleans and has never been published in *Sewanee Review*. Thank the Saints for that. Otherwise he would be famous by now and I would have never found him. Who is *Sewanee Review* anyhow? The last I heard the Lilly foundation didn't leave any millions to them.

Ron Androla has been around the block a few times. He is the "King of Underground Internet Poetry". He is also the husband of Ann. We will be bringing you into their apartment in Pennsylvania each week. By the time you read *A State of Aspiration*, you will love Ann too.

Nik Vosper in *Emasculated* tells us how to be man. Well Nik, to me your poem is more on how to be a woman. Lets have the reader be the judge.

One of our regulars, Coleen Shin, looks into *Freud's Eyeballs*. What we find are dreams. Go figure. Tasha Klein forgets about the night in *Resurrect*. When was the last time someone offered to wash your feet?

So lets have some cafe con leche and see what the world was up to this week.

~ D. Menendez

Hours

~Ann Marie Eldon

Lauds

Your caterpillar mouth'd cock head
succulates dawn. We know little, little
of this mulberry morning. It is skin.
Sheets, gauze

for dreams. Creases cant
ankerous harbingers.
Nails caryatids.

"When they tried me, though they saw my work." My

nipples bud manna,
numbing oil to tongue troubles
like a Nestlé condensed n cocaine mix:
fish do not spawn because of this.

Oestrogen

chain. Where there should be babies.

"Come in; let us bow and bend low."

a foetal metallic humus is idea

in

your armpit. Microscopic gargoyle, ampuled us, mirror

seed spews seas of wishes

"Harden not your hearts as at Meribah."

crawls eye to eye

spits rock in a gut

"For forty years I wearied of these people."

dick, flesh, fingers, breasts, mouth(s), hairs

7 miracle levels, but

stick and stone turned build walls

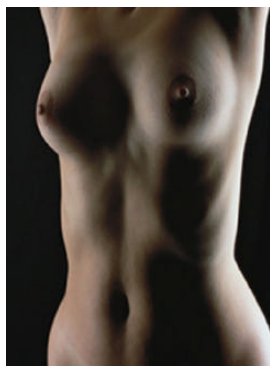
to broken day.

"Then I took an oath in my anger:
never shall they enter my rest."

Insect hungry, crawls
along my mommy-leg.

Would feed on its speciality-green
womb fern finger food.

"Let us come before him,
giving thanks."



Prime

"...we might serve him
all the days of our life"

Media stocks benefited from news and
insurance and banking stocks, hard hit
during recent declines, also made strong
gains in a broad-based rally that lifted the
blue-chip index 176
points. Traded volume was a very
respectable 2.8bn in FTSE stocks, with only
2 stocks on the FTSE 100 trading in negative
territory. The FTSE 100 closed
4.7 per cent higher at 3,953.4
for a gain of 3.7 per cent on the week.
The FTSE Techmark closed
3.5 per cent higher at 619.2 but shed 0.4
per cent on the week. An
unsuccessful attack on lows in the S&P 500
during trade sparked a strong rally
in global stock markets. The
rebound staved off a test of the lows in the
FTSE 100, which had appeared
likely after the senior index
sank to

3,663.

Terce

"As it was in the beginning," children
"is now," splintered as if two wombs.
A universal treen, spalled.

Apple.

Ark.

Flesh for saving. Flesh as food. Flesh as me.
Flesh, "and ever shall be."

Each day routed.

We travel oasisssed

through quite ordinary turnstiles: meals are signs
forks necessary sanctifiers

we oil meat

we wash steel

we slip yours mine. "From the snare," I hunger

forth hair-froth memories. Finger tip whorls
touch them touch them to me.

Manger. Cross.

"Our life, like a bird, has escaped."
and ever shall be
and ever shall be

Sext

*"I got brass in pocket
Got bottle, I'm gonna use it.*

*Got motion, restrained emotion.
I been driving uh, Detroit leaning.
No reason, just seems so pleasing.
To you I have lifted up my eyes,
Gonna make you, make you, make you notice*

*Like the eyes of a servant
on the hands of her mistress
Gonna use my fingers.
Gonna use my, my, my, imagination.*

*I'm special, so special.
all too full is our soul
notice me*

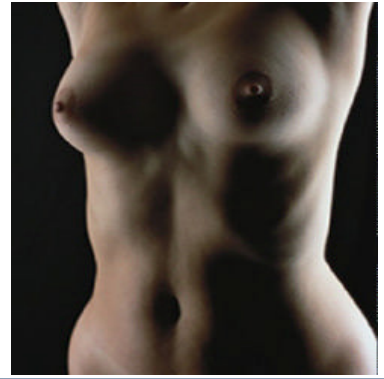
*What you want, baby, I got.
What you need, you know I got it
All I askin' is for a little respect
when you come home, baby.
When you come home,
both now and forever*

*I ain't gonna do you wrong while you gone
I ain't gonna do you wrong 'cause I don't wanna.
All I askin'
do good
Oooh, your kisses, sweeter than honey
to those who are good
find out what it means to me*

*til he shows us his mercy
A little respect....
with the scorn of the rich
with the proud man's disdain"*

None

And what shall endure
in all the unloved places?
Walkways, alleys,
byebye byeways plastered with aircon units
subway aagh *"it seemed like a dream,"* some tuppenny analysis of variation
Subway McDonald KFC maybe a high street Safeway
Body Shop Dot. Perkins passages encrusted buggie ley lines
mommy daddy Saturday handholding auras n
gobbed Wrigley's everyone's gotta mission we
might disembark



*"Deliver us, O Lord, from our bondage,"
from the unloved*

*"as streams from dry land."
unloved places*

a simpler step

"They go out, they go out, full of tears,"

I bet

*a Chi-square
a contingency them yet us to the unloved places*

*"They come back,
they come back, full of song."*



Vespers

I skim a Daubenton trail
along your body blood grail.
Braille good pulse. Out

there where
warmongering bastards beat
doom wings there's a lake
of bad. Between waves
I dream. I dream We're keeping karma corralled
We're opposed to the world without
We're united in flesh
"He puts forth his arm in strength."

I echolocate the deep throb deep mystery. Out
there where
there are no dreamers but Plots, inhuman.
President(s), Kings, chairpersons, spokespersons, experts,
StarWar Princesses tug heart
strings. Play schlock-horror
boom-boom scenes.

They bite me dry. I
fall,

*"He fills the starving with good
things,*

twist, turn, grab by teeth by stealth by
need feed
of your good

Your good
self
sends the rich away empty."

Our oil moistéd intimacy.
This house.
These
eaves.

Compline

Law and Order
but I have to go down on you, produced by
balance either side of your head "a
thousand may fall at your side,"
elephants feet stall third from end Womens public must squat
Ootacamund bus station control box slips
moon greencheese squeezing executive producers
"ten thousand fall,"
Niligris air need sleep need piss need Dick Wolf, Michael
Chernuchin, Jeffrey Hayes, Peter Jankowski co-executive

producers eucalyptus tea-fragranced ...slip Gould,
Richard Sweren, Eric Overmyer,
"they shall bear you upon their hands,"
your face swims its birth up to me
"your eyes have only to look"
Arthur Forney supervising William Gary Roz with no
sari but sticky 501 s Kati Johnston so good so many
producers more Law more Jablonski your
tinkle tankle great slate eyed intelligence
"clings to me in love,"
bed turn from my cold slippery
white tiles
"I am with you," to clean best sheets
"You will not fear the terror of the night,"
meet my love my aromatic downpush
scree free "to go in peace,"
dreams released
"according to your promise."

Matins

"When I call, answer me."

There is nothing to cast off
but blankets and cold.

"Will you love what is futile
and seek what is false?"
I tumble into history.
I fumble for love
according to your promise.

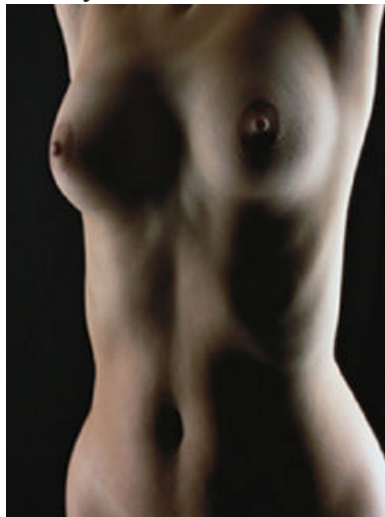
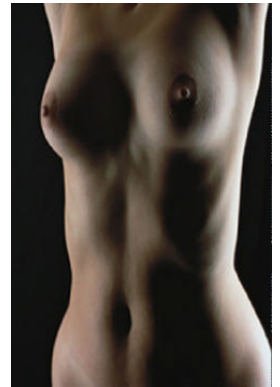
I took an oath in my anger.
But you enter my rest.
All the days of our life
we have.

In the terror of night I starve.
Crumble against
your spine void.
Miss flesh of
my flesh.

Kiss again
yet good things.

Arm my strength.
Have only this
upon my hands.

My work. My sacrifice
of lips.



The Tattoo Of St. Michael

The tattoo of St Michael whispers.
His voice growing louder
or my ears adjusting to the silence.
I can almost hear him
from the dark edge of perceptible reality
along the hiss of tires down damp pavement
heard disappearing into night on lonely streets.
It is raining and I am not wet.
Why am I not wet?

The tattoo of St. Michael whispers
from dark wings along the stage of pavement
just inside storefront doorways
in abandoned cities some empty some re-awakened
It is raining and I am not wet.
- the ghosts which float in silence down these empty corridors
shall not be forgotten - the tattoo whispers
Why am I not wet?

Did I exit into rain on this lonely highway
from the car which whistles away tires hissing?
Was I always here?
Why does the tattoo of St. Michael whisper?
It is raining and I am not wet.

I have floated here with these ghosts.
I was transparent gray and vague.
I was T&T white port and wild irish rose.
I stood outside myself with deep circles in cavernous eyes
crying.
I licked my wounds in the gutter sand at night,
this stray cat
bruised and ragged
hissing in darkness at all ghosts and shadows.
- the only friend of ghosts and shadows -
The tattoo of St. Michael whispers.
It is raining and I am not wet.

The hiss disappears into two red lights
turns the horizon and is gone.
The glare of some other light on the wet street calls
searching around with night eyes.
Is it the moon reflected on the trail of madness?
Is it some cafe or distant street light?



It is raining and I am not wet.
Why am I not wet?
Is the whisper of St. Michael my salvation?
Am I no longer a ghost on this dark street?
I feel so real
but often do in moments of revelation.
It is raining and I am not wet.

The tattoo of St. Michael whispers.
Its echo bouncing quietly down still streets.
It is raining and I am not wet
Why - St. Michael - Why am I not wet?

~ Mike Klumpp

Mike Klumpp is a native of New Orleans, Louisiana currently living in exile in Dripping Springs, Texas. Mike has been away from the poetry scene since 1998 when he was touring with Tolstoy's Beard doing improved music to spoken word across the Southwest. Poetry accomplishments include placing in several national and regional poetry contests and being turned down repeatedly by the *Sewanee Review*. Of Mike's greatest personal accomplishments is eating 21 tacos and 18 enchiladas at *Pancho's Mexican Buffet*.

A State Of Aspiration

~ Ron Androla

I keep the heat at 78.
Ann turns it down to 72.
shivering, I crank
the thermostat back up.

Sweating, Ann sneaks
into the hallway
on her tip-toes when I
go take a piss
& can't see what
she's doing. She's
sly like that.

I've never before
considered the possibility
of Ann, my wife, as
a secret agent,
C.I.A. maybe,
D.A.R., Irish
Republican Army?
How would I know?

She keeps opening
bottles of beer
& shoving
the little round
openings into my mouth,
lips smashing on shattering
teeth,
foamy me filling with beer

Passing out after a quick
afternoon 6-pack,
what did Ann do
then? How do I know
she never
left her prone position
on the couch? She had
hours to do various
covert things
while I
pass out -- she brings
me open bottles,
smiling. Is she dropping
weird powder over the
head of foam? Plopping
pills, fizzing
like tiny bits of alka
seltzer
like a momentary
meteor cutting,
thin, quick,
a slice out of black space,
light under
a claw
scraping just
the very top
of skin, a shard
of white moon
between a few
blinks of the eye.

Emasculated

~Nik Vosper

Take the lead
assert
your masculinity.

Order our food.
Request the bill
cease
your indecision.

Make the call.
Complain with gusto
accept
your responsibilities.

Be resolute,
assured.
Take the horns.

About Nik Vosper

Nik Vosper is a thirty-one year old analyst programmer and sporadic poet. Product of a strong single mother and seventies hippy father, born and raised in a small northern town in England. Father to Thomas and David and husband to long suffering Jane. Graduated late at the grand old age of twenty-eight after seeing the light and realising that you do need an education after all. Inspired by Larkin, Heaney and Armitage and hopes to become a prolific poet and maybe a novelist someday.

About Ann Marie Eldon

Ann Marie Eldon grew up in a tiny two up, two down house in Birmingham, England. In previous incarnations she has been wife, therapist, corporate wizardatrix. She has divided her sense of irony between homes in the US and UK. Since September 2001, she has settled in a picturesque Oxfordshire market town, juggling hormones, children and dogs. Flirtations have been or will be with: Conspire, Duct Tape Press, Fire, Junket, Locust, Meeting Of The Minds, Melic Review, MiPo, Muse Apprentice Guild, Niederngasse, Ophelia's Muse, PW Review, Tryst, Write-Away!, Writers Hood.

Freud's Eyeballs

Inside dreams

there is no peripheral vision
only an alarming immediacy
a circling back.

The villain has a newspaper
a boy's face.

*A red snake laughs
closes the menu
orders a rare dove.*

*Always there is a sensation
of incomplete self
of missing hands
missing feet
something missing.*

Sex inside a dream
is thankless, thought
is loud.

Eyes line up to survey the bed
roll and blink
in brutal synchronicity
a joke's missing punch-line.

*Lost in the translation
of vague waking
and fearful wondering-
an impressive insanity.*

*The rude mugging
of a pillow, the dents
as temporary
as intangible
as guilt.*

~ Coleen Shin

MiPo ~ Print

Poetry Delivered Every Sunday To Your Printer

Contributors

PJ Nights, Andrea Defoe, Fred Longworth, Silvia A. Brandon Perez, Matthew E. Housch & Ron Androla

Volume Uno, Issue Seis

Submission Inquiries dulce@womenbeat.com ~ www.womenbeat.com
Publisher & Editor Didi Menendez ~ Jim Christ E.I.C. ~ Miami, Florida



This Sunday

PJ Nights joins us with *Look at Angelina Now*. You will not only become an observer of children at play but also into the creative mind of the main character. Will Angelina get an A+ in Art? Will she be sent to the Principal's office? Will she turn into the next Salvador Dali?

Another look at art may be found in tampon mice. Andrea Defoe's poem *What Speaks To Me* looks at the other side of the fence and reminds us that art for one individual is garbage for another.

While decorating the Christmas tree, we look at the memories Walmart trinkets unleash. Andrea Defoe writes *An Agnostic Christmas*. The husband's bitter memories get in the way only briefly. Ultimately, Christmas is still innocent in the minds of children.

Fred Longworth, a new contributor to our Sunday Delivery, brings us the neighbor as he fusses with the hinges of the door in "*Vacancy*".

Ron Androla and Ann are still in bed this morning in *Sleep* and Silvia looks at apple pie and a marriage made in Hollywood in *I Love Rock Hudson & Doris Day Movies*.

We leave you with a short poem by another new contributor, Matthew E. Housch in *An insignificant dream of Adulthood* and another poem by PJ Nights, *Kissing Jack's Angels*.

So grab your mug of cafe con leche and join me as we read our Sunday MiPo.

~ D. Menendez

Look at Angelina Now

~ PJ Nights

Snip, snip, snip went Angelina;
remnants of orange and green
stained glass skies falling
in tissue paper ribbons at her feet.

Teacher frowned and passed her by -
Angelina ground minutes 'til recess
between her teeth.

Snip, snip, snip went Angelina
in a far forgotten corner
on the playground's edge.

Underneath a beechnut tree,
she freed Bobby Beakman
of his Dutch-boy cut, cornsilk spilling
into hedgehog hulls.

Did Teacher count scissors
after art today?

Even at six, Angelina knew
(adding spikes to Bobby's hair
with purple paste) -

Teacher had no vision.



Image available at [gettyimages.com](https://www.gettyimages.com)

Andrea Defoe lives on a Chippewa Indian Reservation in N. Wisconsin with her husband, three young children, and four cats. She has only recently begun to share her poetry.

What Speaks to Me

~Andrea Defoe

There is a market for any niche,
from a statue made
of Toaster Strudel
to a wig of wood shavings.

My mother once suggested that
we make mice out of tampons
and sell them,
perhaps she was on to something.

Around here people let old cars
rust in their yards, maybe it's art.
Sometimes I have a yearning
to plop one of these trailer homes
right in the middle
of an exhibit, garbage and all.
I'd just love to sit back and see how many
people come along, deep in thought,
and say, "this speaks to me."

An Agnostic Christmas

~Andrea Defoe

As we decorate our tree,
my husband grumbles about the nun
who told him his cat couldn't go to heaven,
and some woman who believed
all Anishanabe burned in hell -
before the missionaries saved their souls.

The kids don't care why we celebrate,
they love the sparkling lights and crumpling paper.

Vacancy

~ Fred Longworth

The man who yells at his son day and night
is packing up to move
out of the apartment next door.

He gathers body parts
his words have ripped from the boy's physique
and tries to reassemble the child.

First, he screws the tongue
into the socket at the top of the throat.
The tongue does not speak.

Next, he reattaches the hands
to the wrists with shiny brass cotter pins.
The hands do not lift to cover up the ears.

Last, he fastens the legs to U-joints at the hips.
The legs twitch, but refuse to run.
Ah – my neighbor mutters – *at last a boy I can love.*

an insignificant dream of adulthood

~Matthew E. Housch

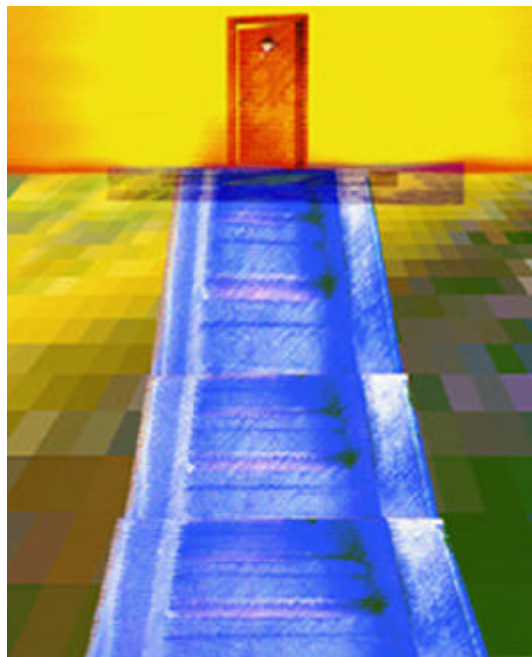
in the heated sun
we've found
dreams

that lie dazed
in the moon's
shadow

clinking glasses—
whispering
shouts of raucous
brevity

to the miniature
orb of bluish
bold

swirling down



Sleep

~ Ron Androla

Almost 9 Ann is still
sleeping, but it's saturday,
she can, no work, & nothing
is exactly planned for today.

Sleep, wife (what a word).
We scramble logic into manifestations
of definition & then we
look up

we look up
into each
others'
eyes.

See
I'm first
to break
into smiles.

You
have
the first
tear.

Dream
a little
dream
of me when we were young

just a
few
years
ago.

I love Rock Hudson & Doris Day Movies

~ Silvia A. Brandon-Pérez



silly movies where the wife wears frilly dresses
and the husband bumbles, forgets birthdays,
is a hypochondriac who cannot read
about symptoms of a rare disease,

and I know the movies are machista,
I know they were selling us a bill of goods,
women in the kitchen walking one step behind
their man, but the wideopen dorisday smile,

the quirky hudsonbrows, the combination
killer smile and the affection, the good
husbandwife affection that comes through
hollywood or not, opens up pathways

in my arteries and alveoli where those yearnings
so difficult to own up to in these here modern
times when feeling is passé, reside...
i want a dorisdayrockhudson movie

in my life sometimes, and mom and apple pie
and warm cider with a pinch of nutmeg next
to the logs burning away in the fireplace
so for that silly romantic never to be acknowledged

woman in this older feminist body that decries
hollywoodian attitudes and easy answers,
in the left corner of my right lobe there is a file
with clips and soundtracks from old rh & dd movies...

About Matthew E. Housch

Matt Housch writes out of the sleepy tour stop of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. A high school student (of 15), he's won various local/national awards, including the Schoalstic Writing Competition National Silver Key, and is published in a few places online. His major influence to his writing lies in the Beat Generation of the 50s. He has recently published a book entitled "**white fields and other poems**" (a collection of his older works) and is a moderator at *Salty Dreams Poetry Forums*.

About Fred Longworth

Fred Longworth co-hosts the open-mic reading at Twiggs Coffee & Tea in San Diego. His poems have recently found their ink in print via *California Quarterly*, *Limestone Circle* and *Pearl* -- and on the web in *Miller's Pond*, *Poetic Voices* and *Slant Review*. Please understand that this is all a bubble in hyperspace.

Kissing Jack's Angels ~PJ Nights

I should kiss Jack's angels,
my past packed in a rucksack

a book or two, a photo of you.

I'll chase them down highways and byways,
peeling back pavement
over bones of buffalo and shaman.

I'll eat berries and nuts
and Blue Plate specials;

I'll write witticisms on palimpsests of bark
- old vagaries still leaking through -

I'll ink caricatures of waitresses
on paper napkins - bosoms and beehives,
each detail saved for you

though

anyone who wants to be a poet
is out of his mind,*

anyone who wants to be a poet
should kiss Jack's angels.

We'll chase them down highways and byways.

**quote attributed to Jack Micheline*

M I
P O

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POETRY DELIVERED EVERY SUNDAY TO YOUR PRINTER



~Nicole Myers
Tiny Stars

*It followed me from home, a string of tiny stars led by
Venus de Milo. I stopped on the side of the highway to
play them a tune on my conceptual trombone. Charles
Bukowski drove by in his Oldsmobile, reciting the poem I
taped to his dashboard the last time copped a squat in his
backseat.*

I love nights like these when I am photographing life.

This is poetry with an epiphany.

Classic, crazed me.

Chicken Soup for the Bottom of the Birdcage

Of course the clay Buddha was filled with gold!
How else to give inspirational speakers a story?

Two millennium anti-materialism was just a warm-up
for making money by marketing inspiration.

The giant within is stooped over inside our tiny bodies.
The man with extra teeth will help us read our secret labels.

Dream that you're paying the price to be willing to be everything!
(Did the van move for you, too, in a declaration of self?)

Find the sublime bumper sticker in a little quest through the box.
(It can't happen if the cartoon dog won't give you the videotaped hug.)

The dolphin's gift, the shit beetle's gift, the gifted gifts of PhDs who are a marvel!
Seize the kindergarten joy that everything can be learned with a sugar filled nap!

And then suddenly there it is: the truth that makes you laugh and heals you.

~ Russell Holder

God Loves Kickboxers

*and likes a good fight
filled with twists, and leg whips
and the occasional fist*

*as long as its a novel move
not just slap this, slap that
dumb bitch, stupid brat!*

*No, God likes us
to be creative with violence,*

*find new ways to eviscerate,
blow the pants off of corpses.
A little schadenfreude,*

*with your murders, not the same
old everyday banality
of evil, little bullies, small tortures . . .*

*God wants napalm
daisycutters
small tactical nukes*

*and smartbombs, yes, those
educated devices are fun
too. Much like a child*

*who becomes desensitized, God
needs technology
-our best and brightest*

*dreams- to amuse him
with bigger and better, more elaborate
designs for fatalities.*

*God's a tough audience,
but we all try to please, don't we?*

~T. Birch

Contributors

Nicole Myers ~T. Birch ~ Russell Holder ~ Mike Klumpp ~Helmuth Filipowitsch ~ Pris Campbell ~ Michael Workman ~ Ron Androla



Minstrels In The Madness Of Time

Minstrels in the madness of time
I have looked back
Through the eyes of my own death
To see myself sitting
In cold shadows
Alone

This is not a song of mourning
Or a cry into the night

I am not interested in identification with my pitiful pain
(you have enough pain of your own)
I am not selling salvation or righteousness
I am simply dying
Aware

I was a child once
I am not longer a child

I sing because I sing
My song is the song of someone singing
My eyes the eyes of someone seeing
My lips the lips of someone living
Who speaks to the sky
Then flies to join his worthless words

Words worthless not because they lack substance
But because they lack matter

I am not Basho or Basho's pond
(Because, of course, a pond is no one's)
I am a sinking scrap of origami
A paper boat with hidden message,
Folded and placed to rest in time
One drop
In and endless sea of energy.

We are Minstrels in the madness of time
Playing at substance, disappearing in vapor-

Immortal!

~ *Mike Klumpp*

ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

is a café.
In its corner, a table,
white cloth,
wine glasses filled
with water,
Evian umbrella for sun or rain.

The concierge is young,
seems to have fallen
into his position
from a motorcycle.

He knows
two domestic wines.
It is always a good year
for red,
white needs less rain.
One should only order
the dry.

In a dry voice,
he recites
the daily poetry of lunch specials,
then leaves me
alone to consider.

I consider the way
a hedge muffles
the sound of passing cars,
the way lovers sway
as though outbound
on a cruise.
I consider my knuckles
and other oddments
associated with my body.
I consider a gallery
of presidents pressed
tightly together
in my wallet.

I know I will order
the lunch special,
which cycles the week.
I know I will walk by
your apartment again, Holly.

I know that withdrawal
has spilled into my lyrics
and my prose.
I know that instead
of leaving it by your door,
I will drop this rose
in an alleyway somewhere.

Let Jack find inspiration
in it, let Allen pick it up
and carry it
to the Chelsea Hotel
and call it

~ Helmuth Filipowitsch



photo of menu by Cait Collins

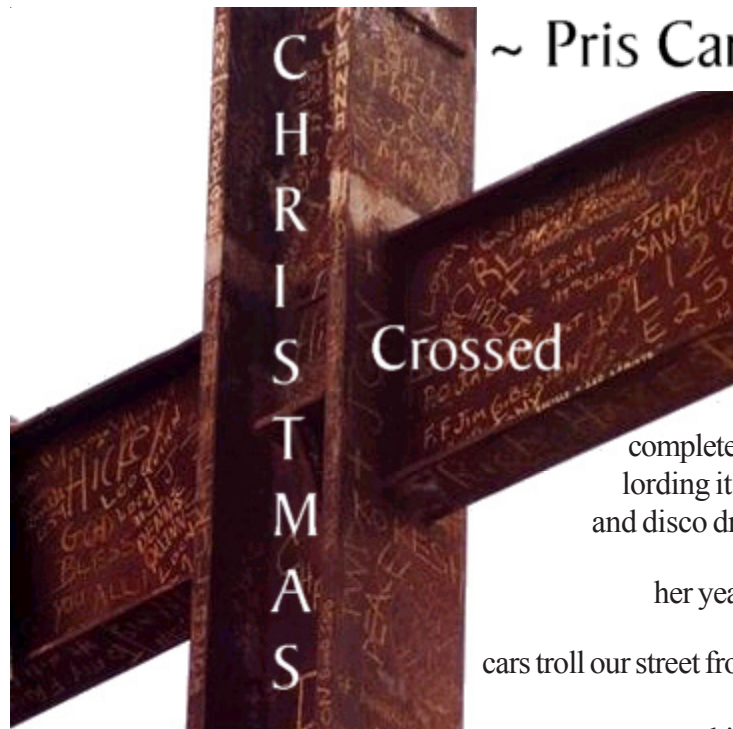


image available at art.com

~ Pris Campbell

it went up yesterday
that twenty foot cross,
complete with dangling messiah,
lording it over the palmetto saws
and disco dressed in K-mart lights.

her yearly monument to jesus.
cars troll our street from twilight to midnight,
bumper to bumper,
while her messiah watches.

the neighbors protest,
sign petitions,
make late night threats.

she's ruining the neighborhood!

but the county says no law exists
to prevent an eighty year old lady
from crucifying jesus all over again
in the privacy of her own front yard.

I gather tossed beer cans at dawn.
they bring me a few bucks
for cheap muscatel.

his blood in a jug
my absolution.

goblet orgy

pinkness: tongue, champagne, skin.
four, four, four is the plural of
nudes ebullient and stretching
to touch. our wet muscles
construct an architecture
of blush; faint and panting
sleepers, tired cats on the kitty
floor. scraped knees sigh color
like neon lipsticks. the girls
kiss;

paroxysm--a tightwired
hip shatters in divine wind.
the tide of our cells,
the retrievable knowledge
of energy. the smell of a face;
we are
home,
cooked,
finished.



~ michael workman

About Michael Workman & Russell Holder

21 years of age, Michael P. Workman hates writing in the third person. He has a tendency to forget where he has been published. twitches just before falling asleep. Studying Japanese at WVU and trying to stay reasonably calm and unshaking.

Russell Holder has been and is a landscaper, sign painter, tree surgeon, dishwasher, librarian, cook, head case, busboy, waiter, disturber of the peace, editor, writing teacher, English teacher, traveler, poet, grunt labor, barrista, law clerk, attorney, martial artist, lover, and father. He has published poetry here and there, won a couple of prizes, and does not know what it all means.

Twirling My Head ~Ron Androla

I've been writing
internet poems on a
gray, eerie erie december

afternoon nearly
the year two thousand
three.

"Isn't it strange
we'll be saying two
thousand three? It seems

yesterday we were
in awe of the year
2000,

but
it's
2003 already,"

Ann
notes
from the kitchen

last evening.
I see her
saying that yesterday evening.



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bones

are a favorite topic
the reverence for relics

all that calcium like chalk
on a blackboard not yet erased

reminding us of the animal
we never knew

all the words not heard
the blink of the eyes not seen

but imagined in white
as if the last part that remains

holds all the secrets

~T.Birch

Under A Cold ~Tom Blessing November Moon

Emergence

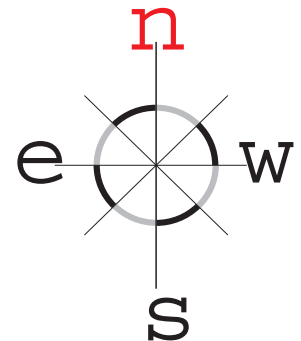
Faith's prayer

father I left him
 forgive me
I have taken the children
 forgive me
we are at the shelter
 forgive me
he will not miss me
 forgive me
the bottle is his wife
 forgive me
my bruises will heal
 forgive me
I will get a job
 forgive me
I will become a whole woman
 amen.

Mother Earth's Navel

friday night at the coffeehouse

here was the center
where he was complete
standing in the dim light
of the coffeehouse stage
his sheets of poems
held loosely in his hands
a low chatter of voices
background static greeted him
as he stepped to the mic
“my name is Leonard
I am an anishinabe
these are my poems”
the coffeehouse grew quiet
the gentle hum of neon
filled the space of his silence
his eyes closed
and he began to chant
a poem of his mother
who cleaned the Methodist Church
raised three boys
taught them to be the men
their father never could be
the respect their father
never knew
he sang this
in a foreign tongue
in a city where no wild rice grew
and the moon was hidden
behind concrete and steel
but while he chanted
he was not there
he was home.



Solitude

trap lines

Willy St. Clare was up early. This was his favorite time. It would be over an hour before the sky began to lighten. Wife and kids were sleeping and the dog was too drowsy to do more than lift an eye and then close it. The low growl of a semi shifting gears as it began to climb the hill on 41 was the only noise other than the cracking of the old house on a cold November day. He pulled the hood of his sweatshirt over his head, slipped on his work wrinkled boots, and his new down coat from Land's End. He took the scarf his mother had knitted and wrapped it around his neck. Wool gloves were in his pockets and his hat was in the pick-up that had been warming up for a while. The trap lines were waiting and he was ready.

cold crunch of snow
beneath snow shoes
breath - visible
a trail to follow
track of deer
small marks of mice
and chickadee
slap of branch
across face
trap
cold carcass
weasel
red berries
blood
in snow
frozen/stiff
easy to de-scent
easy to slip
into coat pocket
move on
crack of cold trees
crunch of snow
rasp of breath
an old meditation
many have
never known



Within/Itself

St. Andrew's

they knelt before the altar
two old people in love
later they would go
with children and grandchildren
to the powwow
when they announced the dance
she would choose him
he would not refuse
as he had not refused
for fifty-five years

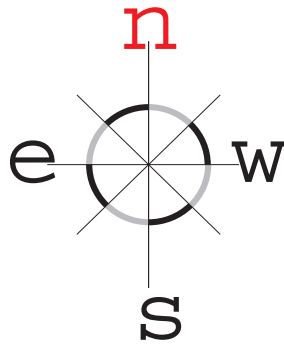


Two Worlds of Being

at the powwow

the drummers and the beat

the singer and the song



Grinding

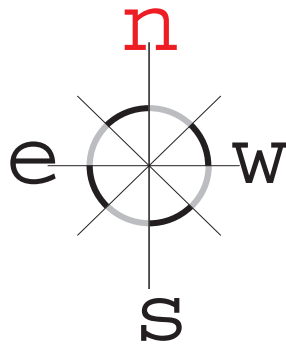
deer camp on the Big Rabbit Plains

LeBlanc was up early
grinding coffee beans
water boiled in the old pot
camp windows were frosted
soon the aroma of coffee
would blend with the odors
of men, unwashed socks,
wet wool, frying eggs and
the liver of the first deer
old Loonfeather and St. Jean
were moving about in their
bunks, the movements of men
caught between dream and
waking grandpa Phil farted
once and rolled over
today would be too cold
for him to hunt, but the
coffee would still wake him
it was November 17th
the 3rd day of deer camp
and life was good

The Sky Ladder to Beyond

Sturgeon County High School gym

in the dark gym
the DJ was playing
'Sky Ladder to Beyond'
another top 40's hit
Billy stood beside the bleachers
watching his friends dance
he couldn't, no
he thought
he wouldn't
not here
not at a powwow
not in the loneliness
of his bedroom
his feet
weren't dancing feet
but he did notice
one foot had started
a slight tapping
not to the music
but it was tapping
he smiled and when
he looked up
Lucy was there
her foot tapping
out of beat too
the room grew
a little lighter
as their hands touched



Old Man Wisdom

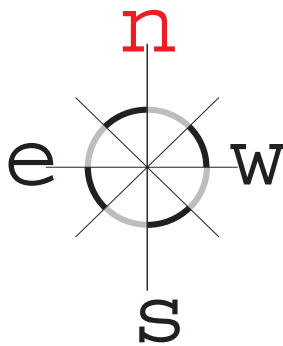
at the RBIC hall

Robert watched the three boys learning to dance
they stepped four steps forward
three steps back
one step forward
kicked the sky
sidled two to the left
three to the right
and started again
When they finished they were laughing
Benny Wisdom turned to him and said
'Grandpa. How do we look?'
Robert smiled
'The girls will be lining up to dance with you boys'
Benny's eyes wrinkled with laughter
'Thanks Grandpa. I wish you could dance too.'
'Inside' Robert replied tapping his head.
'Inside I do'
He reached down and released the wheelchair's brake
and with no regret rolled toward the door.

Old Woman Patience

a sandstone beach on Big Rabbit Bay

the old woman, Patience Haggerty
wrapped her coat tighter against the wind
her John Deere hat was bobby pinned
to her coarse gray hair
she watched the loon as it swam
and dove beneath the
skim of early winter ice
the full moon laced with clouds
rose low above the Huron mountains
it reflected weakly on the broken
waters of the bay
her weak bladder was full
she had to pee, but
how many more novembers
she wondered, so she
stood and watched the moon
the bay, the mountains, and waited
for the loon to rise
a flash of yellow light
told her Jacob
her son-in-law had come
out of the house to see her
she heard his feet
on the wooden porch
the frosty grass and the
broken sandstone
he stood behind her
silent
his hand on her shoulder
and waited



Hither

homeless shelter, Detroit

every spring
as the city thaws
he says
'in the fall
I will return
I will go back

every fall
he huddles on his cot
at St. Ben's
holds his wealth tight
and dreams
of his son

November Moon

at the black jack table,

Ojibwe Casino,

the bets were down
Pete dealt the cards
a jack and a five to the grad students from
China
\$25
an eight to the retiree on the tour from
LaCrosse
\$2
a ten to Jackie who worked at the IGA
\$5
a king to the bald and bearded guy from
down state
\$2 and \$1 for the dealer
a seven to Jim who owned the tire store
\$5
he listened to their stories
to their teasing
and dealt them their second card

Earth Roots

the gallery opening in Douglas

Wanda and Marie stood by the punch bowl and watched the gallery opening crowd. It was a good mix of townspeople, university folks, members of the Community and friends. Small groups moved from display to display or stood around the snacks talking to friends. The artists milled among them. Some alone, some talking.

Billy and Lucy stood shyly near the furniture display.

The tables and chairs he had handcrafted in his high school woodshop class and that Lucy had painted with traditional designs had drawn embarrassing praise from many. Wanda had no doubt several pieces would sell

Faith Williams was talking to Melba who taught art at the small Finnish Lutheran University in Hankins. Faith's paintings of battered women and children had shocked many. Some of the tribal council had pressured them not to include the works in the show. But, others had said, no, put them up. They are as much a part of our lives as anything else.

Leonard Peauralt was in the back by the display of his first book of poetry. Self-published. A young Hispanic looking man stood leafing through the book. Leonard didn't notice. He was in serious conversation with an older man in a black beret. A tattoo of a cougar was visible under the man's short black t-shirt. Marie told her that he was a poet/photographer from Red Jacket. They were laughing now and Leonard looked more at ease. She hoped so. He would begin his reading in half an hour.

Several high school girls were looking at the jewelry in cases along the wall. The mixture of beads and animal fur had been made by Willy St. Clare. His wife, Brenda watched the girls with a smile. Willy was talking to Jack Miller. Probably about going deer hunting tomorrow after he ran the traps.

A group of small children had gathered around the chair where Vernon Miller sat showing them how the slap-jacks he made could dance. A small boy was trying hard to make his dance too. Molly Miller was showing a older girl how she made the dolls and the traditional clothing they wore. Molly and Vernon had been making toys for local kids for over 50 years.

Patience Haggerty was tired. She sat by the wall talking to her daughter. She had no worries about selling her baskets. People had been buying her birch and willow basketry for years. Wanda knew that she and Marie were lucky to be able to show Patience's work at the gallery.

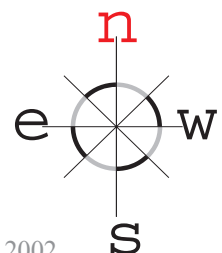
An older man with long salt and pepper hair beneath his baseball cap walked up to her and asked about the photos displayed on the back wall. Stunning black and white photos of powwow dancing. She directed him to Robert Wisdom and his grandson, Benny. Robert had been a champion dancer in his time and now he was becoming a prize winning photographer from his wheelchair. Benny was learning the trade and doing well. Half the photos were his.

A sudden readjustment of the crowd told her the Loonfeather brothers and Johnny St. Jean with the other singers had set up the drum and were about to begin the entertainment before the poetry reading.

All in all it looked like things would be a success. Hopefully they would sell enough to pay the bills through the winter. A tribal grant and loan had helped.

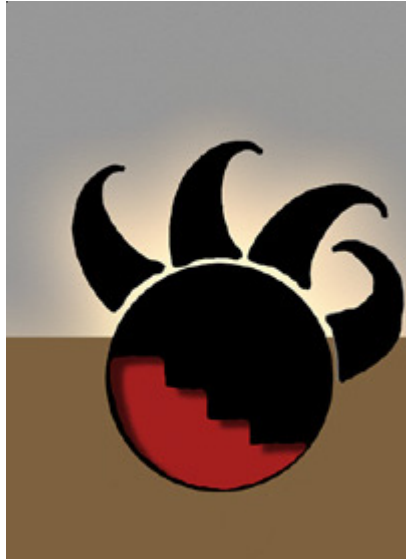
If they could make it to summer tourist season they should be alright. She reached out and quickly squeezed Marie's hand. They both walked with the crowd to watch the drummers and singers. She laughed. Even Grandpa Phil was there. Seated behind the performers. Johnny turned to him and shook his finger. The others laughed and Phil lifted one cheek slightly. The Anishinabe in the audience snickered. The others had no idea.

Outside in the blowing snow, the Greyhound bus pulled up to the station by McDonalds. Pete Arnold stood in the light from street lamp and waited until an old man got off the bus. He took his hand, gently removed the closely held old suitcase and helped him take his first hesitant steps toward home.



Envoy

early winter moon
the lake thin skinned with ice
no windigo
walks tonight
only the people
who know the steps
dance this dance
the medewinini
speaks
his voice is silence
it fills the land
basalt stops its slow
contemplation and listens
the bear grumbles in
his winter den
and we walk
holding hands tight
green curtains of the
wawasayg
ripple above us
life is good
baamaapii



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Mary Belongs To Ted

by PJ Nights

We go to the local store in the boonies to redeem empties for chips and dip - the proprietress is a bit snooty (like those national chain stores that pretend to put the customer first are no threat to her) and inFORMS us that *it isn't Tuesday, so you can forGET the nickels!* but everyone at the party's so distracted they never notice we arrive empty handed. Ted's doing a wine tasting (not any Ted, Ted BERRIGAN!). He takes a swig of *Waters West*, the label's an ocean scene, and suddenly he is IN the waves, waggling the bottle, real surf lapping the carpet, *THIS IS GOOD SHIT!* But something pisses him off, and he's off to write a thirty page diatribe. We all follow him across the field to his farmhouse where I stand and watch him finish a manuscript in like half an hour. This guy next to me (I should know his name?) is busy pawing through kitchen drawers and cubbyholes and pockets pulling out poems on scraps of paper that Ted has left around or given to friends. The manuscript's butterfly-clipped and left on the table for the publisher; this guy (THIS GUY?) indiscriminately splits it down the middle and stuffs in the crumpled, collected pages saying *Ted would hate anything so serious in his name without a poetic interlude.* So then, us both being children of the puter age, he takes me downstairs to surf the web - weird movie on the screen, some not-so-modern-day war going on around a nekkid guy strung up on a pole. He must be old or once fat and now starved because his skin bags around him. The reception's terrible and my new friend adjusts rabbit ears on top of the monitor to bring the webcast from China a bit closer, but he gives up. Besides, the shooting of a REAL movie is happening right in the rumpus room - screaming children running from a swarm of monsters that look more like amoeboid jelly donuts than anything too scary (until I see the clip with computer-enhanced special effects, *YOWEE!*). The main character, a slight boy with almond-shaped eyes, sits at the table with us afterwards in a highchair so he can see. I smile at him, but am drawn to the woman presiding over the table as is everyone else, she is mesmerizing - *damn, who IS she?* Someone calls out *Mary!* and with a start, I realize it's Mary Magdelene, herself. The boy actor's making her blush with his intimations and it dawns on me that he's not a child but a man. Mary's shushing him, but you can tell she wants us to hear about them doing it. I'm flabbergasted and keep mumbling, *How can it be? How can it be? Mary is Ted's.* *Mary Magdelene belongs to Ted.*



*"No Word Rhymes
with orange"*

Even Fruit Has Its Secrets

~Jim Fowler

I peel it slowly, undress
its dimpled gaudiness with
my thumbs. Bare now, veiled
pith with tender vents to enter.

Navel exposed, I plunge deep,
sections yield slowly to want.
Secret core emerges, a bud
near the thumb, sweet to my lips.

Eating it makes me want to sing
its virtues in rhyme and verse.
But the truth sadly comes.
No word rhymes with orange.



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The Penitent Burger

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The burger is sorry that it enticed you to eat it. The burger wants to apologize for the possible bad effects it may have on your system. It's just doing what burgers do. It's a calling, more than a job, and it's hard to apologize for that, but the burger is sorry anyway. And the burger also wants to apologize for not reading the situation more closely, for not saying no, for failing to see that you did not want what it appeared you really did.

■ ~Russell Holder



■ Slip of the Solstice

Hard: have I let up all my angels.
Wound them against their own, disowned, cold steel.
War they gather under wings like dumbbells.
Peaceless, they mither refugees for one meal's
unwarmth. With them, I queue. No! No grace
said for you. You who has promised freely
a God of intentionality.
You, clit-lover, who has frothed my soul space,
are substitute tensility.
Waverers trespass me.
This is a human race.
I bear sentiment, (save face), misplace responsibility.
Yes, I've set 'em aquiver, these aimless, pay-less, tree-tip dryads.
Watch night-eve, unbalanced,

trip —

~AnnMarie Eldon

Thoughts About Hookers, Tacos, and Men ~ Andrea Defoe

The hooker on North Street
is dressed like a Christmas tree,
wrapped in green with boa-garland
glittering off her shoulders.

I'm choking on a slice
of American pizza
as my husband eats a taco -
which, I'm told, means
bad word in Spanish.

The hooker flashes
her cleavage at my husband.
It took me two pregnancies
to develop cleavage,
but only one to make
my boobs droop.

I can feel the pizza fat already,
it's slipping right past my chest
and wrapping itself around my waist.
If it could talk it would say:
this is such a soft spot,
I think I'll stick around.

My husband tells me
in his most full-of-shit voice
that she was *fugly*,
but he'd love to see
me in that outfit.
He finishes another taco -

I think all the fat
is floating straight to his brain.



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Dostoyevsky's Half Moon

~Mike Klumpp

Half bent
is a pipe shape

grey
is a color

round is the shape of the moon
though all I could see
was half
the rest was shadowed
unavailable
invisible
hidden behind darkness
veiled in jet black sorrow

I rehearsed
the end of time
I gazed at the sky and imagined all of the stars falling
tiny lights
sailing down
fireworks
aimed at the crowd
bottle rockets streaming
against the currents
moving upstream
by drifting downstream
destroying night
in a vision of horror

and

in that moment of vision
I wondered what the man before dostoyevsky
thought
of the mercy of God
was he too a believer
is he still
will he everbe
and would it have changed his mood to be lifted from death
painted back to life in the snow of siberia
agonizing but alive
and eventually free
and i wondered
which man was free

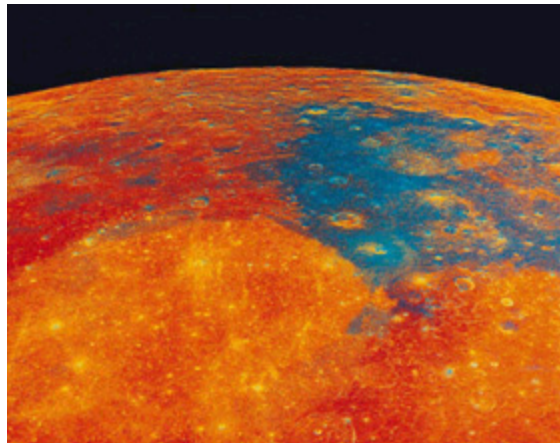
I
in my visions of madness
in my curious stream of thought
falling back to earth
flame trailing behind me
pointed toward the crowd
burning
and burning out

was i free
would I everbe

half bent
is a pipe shape

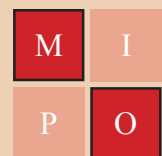
grey
is a color

and round
is the shape of the moon.



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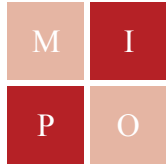
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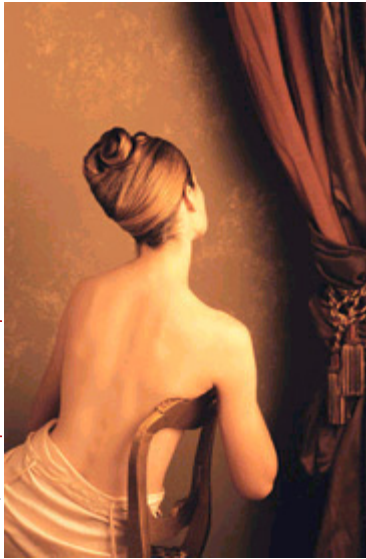
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Autumn Rain ~ Mia



Then the rains came, peeling away
the bark. Palm leaves spread
like lizard tongues—licked green.

Murky dreams swim in darkness
words, themselves, turn to voices
seeking root, a brown earth
parched with leaves, where
an arm cleaves to a spine.

You drink rain like a man
out of nowhere, miles of land
aimlessly through Africa

remember him from Tanzania?
The one you mistook for an
eclipse, as light passed through
his hands. Hair glistening sweat
made you thirst for something
you cannot digest; cannot satisfy.

Swallow yourself whole
slake wetness between
serrated teeth, and learn
to separate steam from desire
forming droplets on windows.

Contributors

- Craig Kirchner ~ *Harvest*
- Mia ~ *Autumn Rains*
- Mike Klumpp ~ *Old Sailor*
- Helm Filipowitsch ~ *Stained Glass*
- Kenny Chaffin ~ *It Could Happen to U2*
- Andrew Demitt ~ *Hum'n in the loops of common*
- t. kilgore splake ~ *Sunset Love*

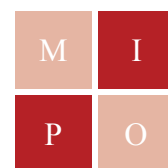
Harvest

~ Craig Kirchner

People took to us,
but whispered.
We talked to everyone.
No anxiety. Free,
new blooms in
Indian summer sun.

We feigned opera
in leather jackets,
drank cranberry cordial
from plastic cups,
cross-dressed at gay
bars, played Halloween,
rarely made it to the bed
when we'd get home.

We painted faces,
pressed your breasts
against canvas and
called it art. Watching
pleasure, mouthing
pleasure, knowing
the poet was us,
the season was short,
running through leaves
of contempt, from eyes
that have no autumn.



MiPo Zines

Sunday January 12, 2003

Volume 2, Issue Dos, Page 1

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Hum'n in the loops of common

~ Andrew Demitt

Was that a finger's grease on the Archie clock
make'n the big and little hands go 'plop-plop'
while the second's keep an eye on them oatmeal-raisins
with second-hand breaths bruise'n the potted plants
as early, early AM oldies get groove'n
and Mego Aqua-Man dolls with rubber-band hearts,
on elbows, throw-pillows and Sunday Kung-Fu theater
kiss the boo-boo away?
Can I stay home from school today?

Epilogue
Loose-noose acoustic

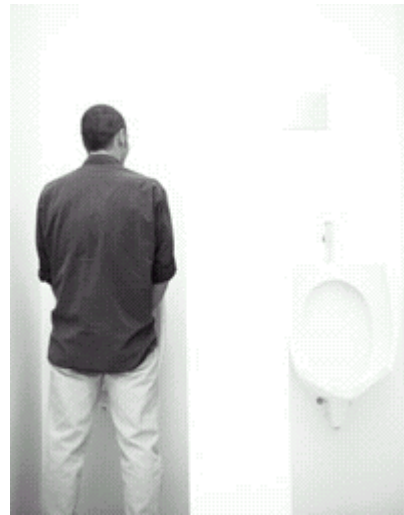
Oh, I'm just poke'n through the astray's smut
for the finest fallen soldier butt
to partner up with last night's sweetened coffee -
now a home for vagrant gnats afloat'n,
seems I left the window open
which might explain these present frozen toes.

Yeah, this unshaved chin's a'rest'n
on those unwashed hands this morn'n
as the others go on snore'n down the hallway.
while I pick my words just so and so
across this screen's convenient glow
and pretend to know the meaning of the verse.

Ta-Da

"hello and welcome - you've got mail"
gee, how nice, how fuck'n swell!
I should write them each a modest tale -
tell em' that I've outlived Jesus
and "can I hop by for breakfast"
well, all but that one chain-letter from the president.
That, I'll print and hang above
the lifeless doll's eye wall paper trim -
Oh, don't mind it much
you see,
it's hushed now like it ought'a be.
It's slush'n noth'n's illuminations
held stark-out as the last remembered disposable photographs
of every long dead stranger's final smile'n Nikon masterpiece,
kiss'n off a blow of mellow morn'n and oh so familiar
how they find my eyes in this new lullaby.

I'm kick'n through it -
jerk'n a leg up
with a pant's pocket jingle'n
from those Jeffersonian game pieces
they've yet to outlaw.
Oh, how lucky for me.
'low birth-weights' if you please.
How about them bathroom keys?

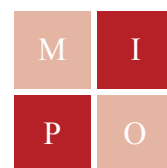


Shuffle, shuffle

Oh, I have myself a piss in the sink, stand'n
while stare'n down that mirror -
you know the one,
with it's industrial-strength squeeze-pump,
dirt-clobber'n poop-goop and cryptic messages
of bold safe-sex and rumors boom'n
amidst those bell-tower-shit-house-flies,
flitting about like black fire-mites -
simply cruise'n for decay to find a home.
Oh yes.
No more detached if I'd been shattered.
You see it's vague
even if it doesn't feel like it at four in the morning
so close to Christmas -
the 'WORD's very own birthday -
33 on his mother's side.

Your think'n
and quite possibly
for the most reasonable reasons
that this
Is just trivial-drivel,
that "no" you certainly have not quieted
an irritable bladder
in a gas station bathroom's sink
while pondering of all things,
the birth of Christ!
And even suppose'n he's always there,
your quite sure that he's look'n elsewhere
each time you make water or more.

Your right of course.



MiPo Zines

Sunday January 12, 2003
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Stained Glass

~ Helm
Filipowitsch

It Could Happen to U2

I saw Bono driving his black
Suburban down 104th last week.
At least I think it was him.

I don't know why
he'd be in Thornton, Colorado
but he must have had a reason.

He wore his black
wrap-around sunglasses
with shiny slicked back hair.

I drove beside him
for a couple of blocks
'til he stopped at a light and was gone.

Later that day, I saw my wife leaving,
down 104th in the SUV
taking thirteen years of my life.

~Kenny A. Chaffin



MiPo Zines
Sunday January 12, 2003
Volume 2, Issue Dos, Page 3

1.

We sit in our small places,
face the snow falling
through a forever.

Through a street light,
through the neighbour's yard,
straight into the twenty blocks
separating us from the car crash.

And blood given to the snow.
And flesh turned into slow dying,
waiting for hope.

We drink Cannonau from the burned
slopes of Sardinia. We dream
we are there, or anywhere
away from this snow.

Away.

2.

The separation of autumn and winter
is a stubborn leaf. Clinging.
Like a sweater on your body,
or the smell of your breasts liberated.
Or the smell and feel of cold and heat
swirling like blood through the air,
when perspiration is the fear between.

I feel between today, I see between today
in the musk of crowded rooms,
in the voice an evening wind finds
to sing a song of alleys and varicose roads
which separate at every turn.

3.

Come, oh come and sing with me
the song of snow, the song of lonely,
the song of places we've yet to be,
or not. Music is the tracery of hands
and lips through wind. It passes
and comes upon us again.

Like sidewalks through an empty town,
or rain on skittering leaves running
down a deserted lane.

4.

Collage. I think that way when pieces
clutter and clump against the minutes
I'm trying to sweep away.

I think to join disparate things,
like snow and summer and Cannonau
along the Tiber, along the Thames,
along the visage of a homeless man
walking down Queen Street
drop by freezing drop of blood.

Sunset Love

~ t. kilgore splake

*"could you come hotel montana-madrid
am rather in trouble"*

Brett

graybeard poet still working on sensible life,
chasing existential risk, wanting to see her again,
say a few words, woman unable to forget,

*"lady sashley-hotel montana-madrid
arriving sud express tomorrow-love"*

Jake

soft flesh covered curing spine folded around
me, watching tall, big assed woman sleeping, sweet
intimate mysteries hidden in her blond curls,

*"send a girl off with one man-introduce her
to another to go off with-now go and bring
her back."*

watching her slumber, thin wordless hums, regular
smooth breaths, heartbeats, passing gentle dreams,
deep eros of memories, desiring her next to me,

*"darling, I've had such a hell of a time-
nothing to tell, he only left yesterday-
I made him go,"*

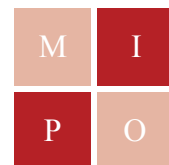
imagining beautiful spirt wife, sleeping in
darkenss, protecting each other, overcoming life's
hurts, pains together,

*"then I saw she was crying-I could feel her
crying, shaking and crying,"*

soon losing her, young lady shortly turning away,
routine of other's voice, face, wishing angry spite on
someone too close, caring,

*"you know it makes one feel rather good
deciding not to be a bitch,"*

-continued on page 5



MiPo Zines

Sunday January 12, 2003
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continued from page 4

~ t. kilgore splake

Sunset Love



back to drinking, stale alky ethers bedside,
morning buzz calming sparky nerve endings, shaky
hands, driving yellow-eyed demons to dark shadows,

*“don’t get drunk, Jake, you don’t have to
don’t get drunk Jake,”*

abandoned by never be bored, must “dance, dance,
dance” life she’s use to, young girl lover,I

*“want to go for a ride, I haven’t seen Madrid,
I should see Madrid,”*

graybeard poet back to lonely desperate character,
grainy black-and-white foreign cine without story,
plot, painful existential wandering, search for love,

*“a taxi came up the street, Brett moved close
to me, I put my arms around her and she rested
against me comfortably,”*

tired foolish old man, dignity vanished, feeling
emasculated casualty of momentary intimacy, haunting
dreams, sweet smelling perfumes, lotions, black lacey
bra, soft blond hair covering face, chin, breasts,

*“oh Jake, we could have had such a damn good
time together, yes I said, isn’t it pretty
to thinks so,”*

weary poet, empty ache, frightened inspiration
dead, fading like faint third shadow in full moon
splash, soon quickly gone, forgotten.

old sailor

~Mike Klumpp

the old sailor knows
and stands aside
as the prosession
winds
through the
streets
wide eyed and
eyes closed he
knows God
knows what
is sacred
has seen
the power of
the sea
waves like walls
above ships
devouring
miles and miles
between foam
and the shore he
has seen
the eyes of
night and
the endless horizon
and he
has seen
the eyes of God
in sunsets
and mist he
knowing
what is sacred
stands aside
awed and tearless
crying inside
to be part
of that
which is holy
to be forgiven
knowing he
has wandered
at sea
lost upon waves
not walking
on water
the old sailor
and God in reverence
walking
together.

M

I

P

O

MiPo Zines

Sunday January 12, 2003

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LONGEVITY

~Thomas Kellar

Used to be
when the muse phoned in sick
I'd figure the next best thing
the Bukowski method,

drink a lot,
write about myself
drinking a lot.

Like a very drunk Jackson Pollock
caught up in the rapture of abstraction,
spraying the canvas with his own semen,
I entertained myself
by bruising the English language,
violating the written page,
mopping up the morning after.

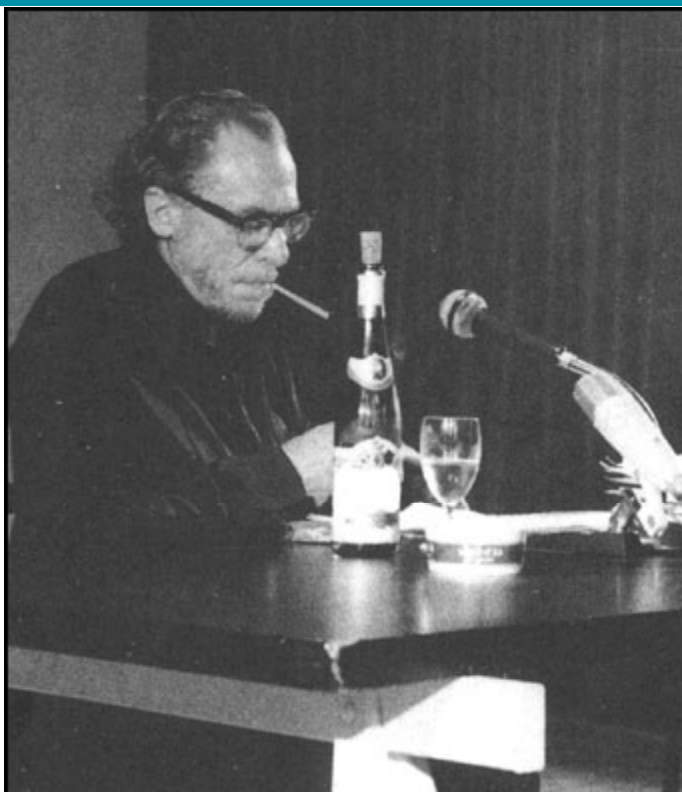
In that condition
I could think of a million ways
to tell the world
or the last women to cross me
fuck off.

Sad when I think of it now,
hitting the hard stuff,
spending most of the night
face down in the toilet,
then describing it in tones
which attempted to turn
self absorption into myth.

I enjoy Chinanski
and the Po-Mo technique
as much as the next loser
but I want to WRITE poems
not BE the poem.
(Besides, my doctor claims
I don't have the liver for it.)

Now when the muse fails to materialize
I prime the creative pump
with a few Negra Modelos,
keep the buzz going
sipping some cheap red
and work the sweet spot
until a meteorite lands on my head
or I fall asleep,
whichever comes first.

I call this taking the long view.



Contributors

M I
P O

~Thomas Kellar
~John Eivaz
~Helm Filipowitsch
~Coleen Shin
~Tasha Klein
~Edward J. O'Brien,
~Mike Klumpp
~Dorothy D. Mienko
~Jaime Page

Bukowski

I saw that movie, Barfly,
when I was drunk.
Afraid of three little words,
I Love You,
that was his confession in the end.
If I still drank,
I'd be Mz. Tasha,
the barfly who pisses her pants.

~Tasha Klein

Had I known, I would have done Bukowski

~Dorothy
Mienko

differently
I would have
tried harder

paid closer attention
to his line breaks
grappled with a few

of his images
I might have
bitten into

the man's dead body
messed around with
what he knew of Jesus

gone after the
light and a blend
of his dark

the Kerouac sound
but as it is
I can't give you much

I don't have a book
not by him anyway
all I know about
Bukowski-

he wrote one goddamn
hell of a poem about
poetry
that isn't

Required Reading



1:44 AM

I don't want to read
Bukowski tonight
I tell the cat drape, bag
of bones,
hanging nearby
sewing herself through tea cups
and medications
past slips of orange
peel and clove.

Stupid cat
what business is it of yours?

To bitch about reading lists
is not consoling
when speaking to a cat,
who prefers television
the excellent way
it makes one hungry
in the middle of the night.
Better a dog, whose
moans and chuffs
are echo, sympathy.

"There there Master
you may have this bone".

But the dog is a sleeper
does not keep
indecent hours.
And even now the cat
is bored, slings
a gray leg over her shoulder.

While I admire the ability,
the brazen posture,
I am offended to be so dismissed
and shoo the slut-
mouse-breath-no-friend-of-mine
carnivore out.

Leaving Bukowski, Ah yes.

Bukowski

Whom I have never read before,
I have no other option
but to sit with him awhile.
Mr B, you are at the bottom of my
list,
the back pages of the book,
the last assignment due.

4:21 AM

Bukowski, oh yeah, Bukowski is cool.

I had him confused with the guy
who wrote Howl.

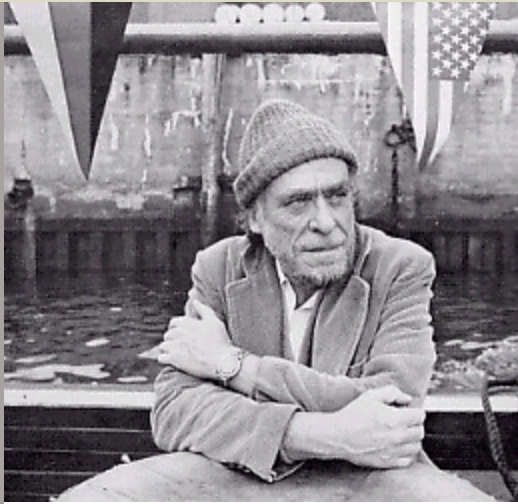
~Coleen Shin



Things Do Change

It just so happens
I called an old friend
the other day
and he reminded me
it was that *second* bottle
of vodka
the one no one joined us in
that left me face down
in front of the bank
on Broadway years ago
till a straight rustled me up
and i headed into the hills
where i had to rustle myself up
in the middle of the night
to be on my way
the trouble wasn't *finding*
my way home
it was knowing i was there
once I was
cause we always seem
to keep going
don't we
I do at least
even now
sober in only
a bath towel
I'm shanghied into
writing this stuff
when we're hungry
for good burritos
from the mexican supermarket
I hope I don't puke
I've had enough of that
I might not stop
but I hope someday
all the mythology will
but i didn't tell
my friend that

~John Eivaz



Name Dropping - America

Bukowski

and Me

~Mike
Klump

If I had drank
and spilled myself forward
into time's zero gravity
through
the loving eyes of a dog lipped girl
kissing me in morning
while I wonder
how to climb past her and forget

then I would wander the empty
Sunday morning street
back to my one room
slatted and leaking cheap rent by the week home
(neon and shattered dreams)
cursing the face of Bukowski
lying down to drown in the brown mucous of empathy
curled in a knot
pained and pathetic
a whimper

but
I would rise again
to leaf through new days
lie to new women
drink to new gods
and pretend that
America
Charles Bukowski and I
were freinds

this and the blessing of forgetfulness
become my bliss

tip the waitress for me, will ya'

1:13 by some clock

~John Eivaz

woke this saturday morning
to the phone ringing
checked which phone
was plugged into the wall
subtracted an hour
from the pink alarm
put on my black jeans
but didn't change
the old blue sweater
I slept in
put on Borodin
2nd symphony
(Bukowski said
there should be
no second movements
hate to say it
he's right
ebb and flow be damned)
warmed tamales
had 'em with coffee
read e-mail from you
like a kid
at the bakery window
the store is closed
subtracted
about 12 minutes
from the computer clock
smoked my last
half a cig
and wrote this
thinking about
the string quartets
of Shostakovich
opened the window
to hear the wind
oh freshen me
I'll never be late
more coffee
clocks
you see
I need it like this
and you



I'd starve, yet
why not decorate with meat?

Much swill can distill
in a sea trunk
while you still pack high C in A minor.

Studio, studio
apartment, flat-foot walk-up,
five stories high, I
offer you decor of meat,

the longtime trappings of forebears
and homeless, pennywise suits.

A pre-cambrian floor art exhibit,
this stain, this daub,
this bobble
of applesauce
radiates out in relief

reminding me last week I drank
a frapped mocha
no wait, it was two weeks ago.

Oh, stay! Please stay! We'll play
one game,
one game of ravioli niblick!

Don't bogey that dumpling; that pastry,
though tasty,
is ripened and ambitious to breed

green odor that caroms
off sidewalls
en route to le petit jardin.

Why only last week, I met
Charles Bukowski
surfing e.coli on ebay.

If
brocade
fabric
were
beef

~Edward J. O'Brien

A wake is just a suburban song

~Helm Filipowitsch

*I wish I could write like Bukowski, he
invalidates your reasons for a normal life*

~Jaime Page~

Some Poems Aren't Written By Poets ~Jaime Page

Abstract is not always the best way
to write poetry
as if there is much poetry
in the world
there's not
but lots of writing proclaims it's poetry
like mine
I don't subscribe to being a poet
even monkeys get lucky
writing a random complete sentence.

My emotions were not wasted in vain
trying to please by writing verses for you.
If you've never seen a sunrise
how can you bask in it's glow
and describe its warmth? You can't
else you become a liar and hypocrite
of love and writing.

You never claimed to be a poet
yet your attempt for me struck hard,
a boxer's punch to the gut,
knocking free emotions languishing
in pools of apathy.
I cannot bear
to read your poem often
else an avalanche of remorse
will bury me forever.

While God was getting her nails done,
and wanna-be poets scribbled graffiti,
you've left me a poem
no poet could have written better
nor hurt the reader more.
You should have killed me
with the knife on the dresser
instead of crucifying me
on your thorny cross of love-fear.
Unlike Jesus, I'm not interested in resurrection.

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he's a german bear
and his neighbours are prey
or a reason to drink
or yell at his latest love

or

run amuck through the back yard
until the police come
as they always
do to end

it all

and draw the shades on so liberal a man
on such unpretentious a life
of flat-out bohemian thoughts
which swirl in a drink

of gin

like a mattress in the living-room
or the chandelier which knows five
languages
none recognized by any dictionary
in the english

world

and drunk on life
on dust on finger grime
fleecing images from city streets
and railway tracks

old gold

of the wandering man in a settled world
the foraging bear in asphalt
and concrete forests drinks more
than a sane man would ever

spill

M I
P O

MiPo~Print

Contributors



*T.E Ballard
*Thomas Kellar
*Diego Quiros
*Tara Chapple

Ophilia

December

*Winter is a dog spinning in circles
chasing it's own back-side,
dusk the mouth,
dawn the tail
and the space between
precious daylight
from a cold sun,
too weak to break up
gray cloud cover overhead.
Deep into December
the dog spins faster,
days grow shorter,
I find myself drinking more,
pondering death,
checking with the airlines*

~Thomas Kellar

- Thomas Kellar was born 1955, in Ft. Worth Texas. Currently he lives in California's Sierra Nevada Foothills where he began writing poetry in 1998. He is married, has 2 sons, occasionally hears voices and has difficulty in remembering the sequence of past events. Tom enjoys discordant jazz, cheap cigars, professional basketball, and toasting the evening sunset from the sanctity of his wraparound porch.

A crown, a wedding band,
a wreath on a grave, a halo.
The wheel's great rumble
approaches. There, in the
empty spoke, is home.

I have woven and unwoven life,
as an errant eye following a thread
in Celtic knots. Walked labyrinths
within labyrinths, turned pages within pages
of an ancient magic book bound in the leathery
flesh of father, of grandfather, of Adam.

I have been Orestes, pursued by the Furies.
I have been Icarus, mesmerized by the sun.
I have stolen fire, like Prometheus,
worn winged sandals like Perseus, and flown,
like Eros, with Psyche draped over my forearms...

Only to, in the bittersweet end,
(if there ever is one)
become Orestes once again.

The ring's spell is hollow,
a snake swallowing its rattle,
it reconciles opposite circles, life and death,
closes its sinister vicious -or virtuous-
cycles on me, on you, on all of us,
who lack a voice of choice.

And while the wheel rumbles outside,
while the tail rattles afflicted with venom,
the voice of the apostle Paul
overcomes the noise, the knots
the labyrinths, the noose,
speaking words of wisdom.

There will be an answer. Let it be.

~Diego Quiros

Awake with mother

Father's on a ship, into the East,
and I know black waves

will hug its shape like the clamouring
hands of slaves. They'll bring him back,

(eventually); but for now
I lie in their bed, his place.

Breath moves like the sea
in my ear, wet and hushed

as a sick baby and Mother's hand is paling
around my waist- it curves and paws

to keep me still. The window
whitens with the moon that rests,

a dead face on the sill, green
like the sockets of her eyes,

pooling shadows, rock-sinks
rarely drained. Her lips move

as if on pulleys, vowels slipping
outside and up; her round balloons

of close kept thoughts
dwindle at the tongue.

~Tara Chapple



Tara Chapple resides in England and is still in full-time education. She has been published in Peshekee River Poetry and Junket among others. She spends most of her time reading, writing and drinking.



Habitation

A hole by definition
travels from one side to the other—
everything else is only indentation.

The way you enter
with your mouth, soft call
of hand, means nothing more
than the shape of stone
pushing down.
It is a bruise, a blue-

purple river flowing
over the white of my skin.

The irony is
how your word falls, carves this space
and I do not know

if you are killing me
or creating a path
for your tongue to pass through.

~T.E. Ballard

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~KFC Constellations

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~Fixing the Fucking Electrolux

Lyn Lifshin

~In The Garden Of Cluny

Pris Campbell

~Humorless Men



MiPo ~ Print

POETRY DELIVERED WEEKLY TO YOUR PRINTER

KFC Constellations

The night warrior Orion
manages celestial movement.
Like a traffic cop.
Holding up a caravan of meteors
to let a jaywalking super nova explode
across an avenue of stars.

~Rudy Rodriquez Martinez

Colonel Sanders cries on the curb
in front of his beloved chicken shack,
realizing his love of fowl
has been cruelly twisted.
Affection for breasts and thighs
always left him hungry.

Poor, poor Colonel.
Secret recipes misunderstood.
Not for cannibalistic adventures.
They were meant to feed the soul.
Feed my silent waste, I say.
Ooh!
A chick bone caught in my throat.

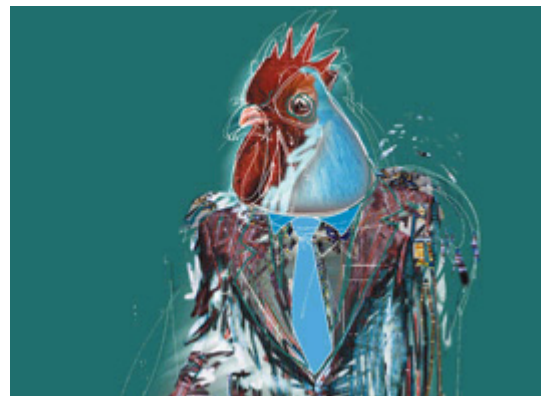
Fly straight away to Athens.
Zeus holds the cure of choke.
Fruit smoothie fantasy.
Bananas, strawberries, honey,
mango and whipped cream,
slide slowly, melting away
fleshy filaments.

I see my skull in a hole of throat.
A picture pasted there at the back.
An icon of a god.
An altar of sacrificial fruits.

Laugh at the stupid old Colonel.
He died on a pile of dead birds,
never happy in solitude.
Just humming a southern tune.

You know Jimmy cracked corn
and Jesus cares.
Damnation found
the butcher gone away.

At the counter the little boy says.
Make mine extra crispy please.



Humorless Men

~Pris Campbell

I told him my ongoing dreams
about telephones,
dangling wires, broken connections.

Other times I described dreams about falling.

He recorded my night fantasies faithfully
with a pen given him by State Farm,
never smiled or made comment
about my husband's sudden defecton,
didn't cough or shift in his chair,
but seemed determined to save me
through that alarming mountain of notes.

Today, I told him I saw
JFK Junior fly the Big Bopper
to his ultimate gig in the sky.

He crossed one leg,
puzzled by this new twist.

I picked up my purse, left,
not having the heart to tell him
he was yesterday's news, too,
that I'd made a bad joke
and humorless men could never save me.

IN THE GARDEN OF CLUNY

~Lyn Lifshin



a man with a beret
writing in a notebook.
The last time here,
in a mini skirt and
high heeled boots,
I made 3 dates in one
afternoon. A guard
picked me up in the
dark coves, asked me
out for dinner. Now
so long later, with a
man talking of when
he dies, I think of men
I can't have. That other
year it was a now
famous novelist who
said if he didn't get
our of the Writer's
conference in the trees
he's become an
alcoholic (he did) or
gay (I don't think so)
another Paris, writing
what eluded me, rest-
less, wild to have only
what I have and not a
stranger picking me up,
taking me for a coke,
wanting me to go with
him to his sister's. I
want you to meet...
Those ghosts, riding
cycles thru my blood,
walking a tight rope
too close to Niagara,
taking my leather
jacket as if it was me
and when I took it
from his closet, it was
like taking myself from
his bed and now I can't
get him to touch that
soft leather.



LYN LIFSHIN

Lyn Lifshin has written more than 100 books and edited 4 anthologies of women writers. Her poems have appeared in most poetry and literary magazines in the U.S.A., and her work has been included in virtually every major anthology of recent writing by women. She has given more than 700 readings across the U.S.A. and has appeared at Dartmouth and Skidmore colleges, Cornell University, the Shakespeare Library, Whitney Museum, and Huntington Library. Lyn Lifshin has also taught poetry and prose writing for many years at universities, colleges and high schools, and has been Poet in Residence at the University of Rochester, Antioch, and Colorado Mountain College. Winner of numerous awards including the Jack Kerouac Award for her book *Kiss The Skin Off*, Lyn is the subject of the documentary film *Lyn Lifshin: Not Made of Glass*. For her absolute dedication to the small presses which first published her, and for managing to survive on her own apart from any major publishing house or academic institution, Lifshin has earned the distinction "Queen of the Small Presses." She has been praised by Robert Frost, Ken Kesey and Richard Eberhart, and Ed Sanders has seen her as "a modern Emily Dickinson."



Fixing the Fucking Electrolux

~Jim Tilley

Coffee Do?

~James Rourke

I stopped at The Endless Cup after peanut butter
for three days drive with one more buck before
the pawn shop stop, to have a three hour long
cup of coffee and free saltines
looking at myself in dirty mirrors
dream-talking to this stranger
I found trudging on the side of the road
looking for his future too or maybe
his past, or even just his present
with his thumb and a beat up cowboy hat full
of poems and memories to trade for a beer,
a shot, or maybe only a stool and pretzels,
hoping for a disoriented girl without
a bra to wander in with overfed tattoos
and find him not too hairy, take him laughing
out to her car behind the bar for a piece
of heaven only genuine poets and poor men
know about, sometimes even live for
and remember to another kind sir
in the middle of the night off highway
Indianapolis or New Mexico bound
all because the sign said
you can get there from here and there
ain't here no more.

*It's nothing a St. Jude's stainless steel
aortic valve serial #90083225
can't handle—take a deep breath, another—
let the seersucker folds of the comforter
envelop you—press your head
into the double pillows take a deep breath, another—
rub the pulsing at your temples—
still that thrill in your carotid arteries—
thin your blood with a baby blue 4 mg coumadin tablet—
stifle those arrhythmias with 50 mg of white atenolol—
pop three 500 mg red-yellow extra-strength Tylenol—
and tell her to go fuck herself.*

So what? Of course the beagle puppy peed
on the kitchen floor while I was picking up
your goddamn Electrolux. That's what they do.
And yes, I took him out
before I left and he peed there too
all over the frozen pachysandra, which he then licked,
chewed off and carried to the door.
I washed the sand and salt off his paws. I didn't
wash his mouth. I leashed him to the chair. No, I didn't
crate him, and neither did you
when you left him alone to go have your teeth cleaned.
Perhaps you should've just used one of his bones.
It wasn't my fault the lady arrived late,
that she left no open-hours sign posted on the door,
that I chose not to wait, but drove to Carmel
to renew my driver's license instead.
Couldn't you figure out that you would've arrived home
from the dentist before me whether I waited for her
or waited in line at the DMV?
You can't figure out why I'm angry
after you shriek my ear off when I call to tell you where I am?
You wonder why I think you're crazy?
C'mon dear, calm down—let me give you a bone.



THE WRITER TAKES A WALK

~Helm Filipowitsch



The bouncers have thrown midnight out again,
around the side of the 7-11, where on clear nights,
the boys adjust to puberty and dangle cigarettes
from awkward lips like dreams dependant upon cars,
or arms around the girl from somewhere down the street,
the girl who smells like musty back alleys
and burnt sausages and fries and wild midway rides.

And midnight staggers just now, trying to brush years
off itself, adjust to the sounds of crisp leaves hitch-hiking
on a cold wind that considers itself artistic and sculpts
snow around doorways, the dumpster, the flower box
with that unruly, unshaven brown December stubble.

And midnight feels death's breath crawl across its black
cloak, considers the potential waiting in another dawn
of blinking-on lights, percolating coffee, yawns,
quick showers and gulped-down breakfasts, like sinners
gulp the host down with wine, then hit the world again
full throttle, brash bravado and cursing their gods to death.

And midnight looks at me, caught between one note
and the next, a lonely word looking for a dance partner,
some thought to cap off with a night-cap, a revelation,
an insight I'm certain is hidden in the sidewalks
of this city, like gold exists in the Sierra Madres.

Midnight finally moves on and I am left alone
at this hour, a slow freight train lumbering down
Queen Street, past closed stores, my thoughts boarded up
like tourists towns along a northern stretch of Lake Huron,
delivering the past to places which have no future.

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The Gift of Dreaming Words

~John Eivaz

like trees without leaves
an unpeopled Camelot
cold flame

*what will we do now
where will we sleep
what will we eat*

bursting carijo!
the inflections of her unseen tongue:

*suavecito, mi amor, susurro a mí de ayer,
manana, nada de hoy,
su medianoche de palabras
con los dedos quebrados*

carijo! what dreams
where nada y todo
grappled in the dark of dark,
ghosts of dreams dreaming dreams
trapped in everything but my deep purple dream:

*baby I can be anything you want me to be
for the right price but maybe
for you the price is free*

more whispers, now with nails
tapping my back like a tabletop
grabbing the strap of my shorts
running then, invisible in

years of dreams in foreign languages
of speech music and vision
without vision,

sin la vision

of the simplest creature
relying on a voice only
telling of touch
language of touch
foreign to touch

San Expedito drugged by
a whale's song,
feet lost in mist,
the rooster's jab at love
a torn sleep

buckling under a nun in heat
at a railway station
in a New York dream,

*mea culpa mea culpa
hic et nunc
et cum spiritu tuo
mea maxima culpa*

a millionaire's sneer in the west,

*pardner, what's yer problem?
you feelin' okay?*

gargoyle cherubs do-wacka-do
on the amateur hour
and George Michael
is in the bathroom again -

jolly good show!

what business of yours

the two of them,
rolling like sand under
rocky sunrise?
even alone, each one talks
in your sleep, they speak for you
cheer you on
who are their tame dream

la plume de ma tante

on a crisscrossed table

merde!

the bottle drops,
and so I fall into the daylight
of miscalculations
and what i've put together
to howl at bootstraps
I leave hanging

I'm standing with my group at the Gates of Heaven.
Fingering my ticket. We're Pod Number Forty Two Eleven.

An Angel with a clipboard says "Where's the VIP?"
"You ain't going nowhere until he talks to me."

"Some guy from Wham!?" Oh this is amazingly crass.
Special treatment for the jacket boy shaking his ass?

A bearded man steps up. He's got a huge abdomen
and says "George Michael is in the bathroom again."

"George Michael! George Michael!" The cheers rise up.
George Michael appears with his pants untucked.

"Mr. Michael," says the Angel. "Please come over here.
We got a special deal because of your song of the year."

(Malo's swimming in my headphones. Suavecito is jammin!
If you don't love that song, get your sad soul examined.)

Another Angel appears, a bureaucratic sort of creature,
despite it's life quest to be a spiritual teacher.

First off, it divides us between the wild and tame.
It asks us all questions. We write down our names.

This whole heaven thing's not quite what I thought.
I was hoping for something more in a Cloud Camelot.

San Expedito flies up, and pulls me from line.
"I've been looking for you. We haven't much time."

We sail past all the of nervous people confessing
hoping their angel will give them its blessing.

A well-dressed woman says "That couldn't have been me.
I said 'Baby, I can be anything you want me to be

for the right price, But maybe For You The Price Is Free."
(It's embarrassing when they lie, all the Angels agree.)

Hey! I recognize that guy. That's our own John Ashcroft.
They pop a bag on his head and start dragging him off.

At the Gates of Heaven with George Michael

~Russell Holder



"Listen up, wild boy" says Expedito. "And you'll dodge real trouble.
I'm afraid you are, what we call, stuck on the bubble.

We've got a clear quota for U.S. boy poets.
The quota is small. And wouldn't you know it,

Billy Collins just croaked down at a farm down in Macon
so your typical position is naturally taken.

But I can still get you in. I've got two exempt spots.
And I'm willing to use one on an odd polyglot

like you, if you help me, and be very nice
to a good friend of mine. Carijo! He didn't have to ask twice!

And that's how I made it. The Pearly Gates cracked.
They make good use of my skills. I've never looked back.

George Michael? He's in the Hell of Boiling Bubblegum Creeps.
I'm in Heaven each night with a nun in heat.

Carijo que calda.

I will be melting into this liquorice street
even if I move or stay still.

Why do I wear this black
so heavy, like a canvas Castle
Camelot and who, then,
will assail my ramparts?

Will the saints send an envoy,
San Expedito?

Especially no, not to a bride of God –
not from the saints an agent
of temptation, smelling out
a nun in heat.

George Michael is in the bathroom again,
the same one he came out of.
Good for him.
It's nice for something more than smell
to come out of the closet.

Or less than smell.

There is a spirit of the soul,
which tries to reach Heaven in prayer
and a spirit of the body,
which is its smell.

In this heat a body is slowly
rendered into spirit, and *suavecito*
carries meaning that speaks to my flesh.

You made the creature two, Lord of Heaven
and it is not the body that you love,
but that you tame, teaching it
not to cry at the cheers of wedding guests.

In a night dream I saw you
as a man, saying "baby I can be anything
you want me to be for the right price
but maybe for you the price is free."

The price is freedom.

The deeds are sealed.

Sister Prays at Noon



~Peter S.
Richards

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